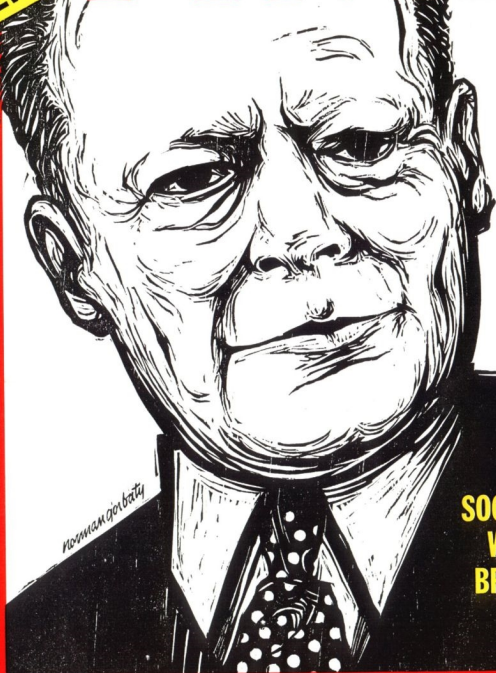


FIFTY CENTS *

OCTOBER 10, 1969

NEW LEADERS FOR GERMANY

TIME



Norman Gorbaty

**SOCIALIST
WILLY
BRANDT**

and the fire alarm before your nose knows

idea:

You can't smell or see the invisible gasses present just before a fire starts. Neither can your dog. These products of combustion escape most detection methods.

One day, a new Eaton Yale & Towne detection device may give you near-instant response. It will sample the air and sense molecular changes created as the products of combustion begin to form. It will react before smoke, heat and flame appear.

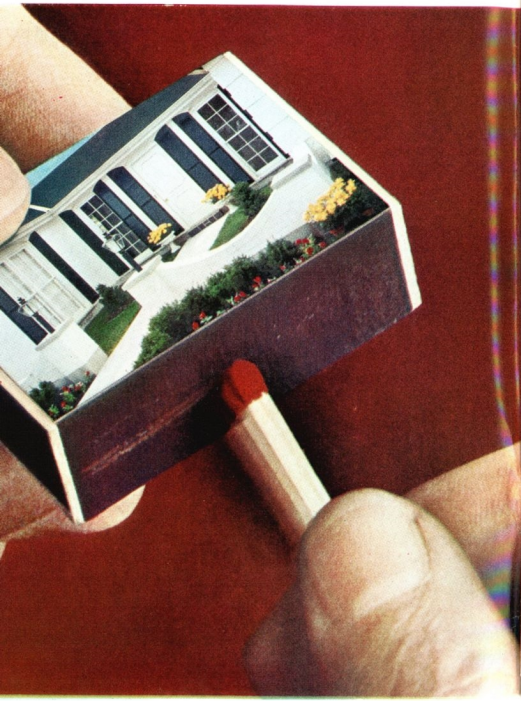
As it sounds the alarm in a home, apartment, school, commercial building or factory, it can be made to alert the

fire department. It can also close doors or take other action to confine the upcoming fire to a limited area. Hence, our big idea is safety for you and your property.

Most of our ideas become exciting products that move man, materials and energy... in the dynamic areas of transportation, materials handling and power transmission. But we also apply advanced technology to security systems, industrial and consumer products. For more about us, write for our 28-page "IDEAS" book.



Corporate Offices
100 Erieview Plaza
Cleveland, Ohio 44114



he end of the ot, sticky eat.



When it's 90 degrees and bumper to bumper, there's nothing hotter or stickier than a vinyl car seat.

That's because vinyl upholstery has always been made in a solid sheet, so air couldn't get in or out.

But now B.F. Goodrich has come up with a not-so-hot development: Cool Knit™, a vinyl upholstery that breathes.

We knit narrow strips of vinyl film around nylon yarn to create an upholstery material that's porous. So moisture evaporates rapidly. And

your car seat stays cooler and more comfortable.

Cool Knit looks cool, too. Even though it's got several times the break and tear strength of ordinary vinyl. That makes it perfect for patio furniture. And bus or school or theatre seats. Anywhere heat and hard wear are problems.

Innovations like this are what you can expect from B.F. Goodrich.

After all, we invented vinyl in the first place, and make more of it than anyone else in the world.

B.F. Goodrich

We've cooled it.



Scott, 9; Mr. Cygan; Rick, 11; Doug, 6; Mrs. Cygan.

"My new dishwasher just had to be a Maytag," writes Mrs. Cygan.

"How could I pick anything but a new Maytag Dishwasher?"

"After all, my Maytag Washer and Dryer have worked 11 rugged years with only one repair between them."

"My husband and I didn't have to think twice about what kind of dishwasher to get," says Mrs. Mary Cygan of Mundelein, Illinois. "Not after the way our dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer have performed."

"This Maytag Dishwasher of mine is such a worksaver," continues Mrs. Cygan. "I don't rinse even the heavily-soiled dishes. I scrape off the big scraps, and in they go. You should see how clean they come out."

There's a reason a Maytag gets dishes cleaner without pre-rinsing, Mrs. Cygan. Maytag's exclusive Micro-Mesh™ Filter keeps the water cleaner through the whole cycle. And only Maytag has a full-size spray arm on top, as well as one below. More water action, from more sides, means more cleaning power!

Another nice Maytag convenience is huge ca-

capacity. A Maytag can do dinner dishes for a big family in one load. (For a small family, this means you only have to wash dishes once a day.)

Maytag gives you a choice of built-in or portable dishwashers in a variety of contemporary colors. The built-in also comes in stainless steel and with a Trim Kit that lets you decorate the front panel with your own fabric, wallpaper, or wood paneling. See them soon at your Maytag Dealer's. He's in the Yellow Pages.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Cygan wrote about. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag.



Maytag dependability now moves to the kitchen. For detailed brochures on Maytag Dishwashers and Maytag Food Waste Disposers, send 25¢ to The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa 50208.



 **MAYTAG**
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 8

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:15 p.m.).* Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney, in love and not so in love, are *Two For the Road* (1967) on the Côte d'Azur. Funny, incisive and stylish, the film features Frederic Raphael's script and Stanley Donen's direction.

Thursday, October 9

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). Tennessee Williams' one-act play, *Ten Blocks on the Camino Real* (which later became his three-act allegory, *Camino Real*) stars Martin Sheen as Kilroy, Lottie Lenya as the Gypsy, Hurd Hatfield as Jacques Casanova and Carrie Nye as Marguerite Gautier. Repeat.

Saturday, October 11

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 2:30-4 p.m.). World Table Tennis Championships from Munich, Germany, and the Duke Kahanamoku Hawaiian Big Wave Surfing Championship from Sunset Beach, Hawaii.
N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 4-7:30 p.m.). Oklahoma v. Texas, at Dallas.

THE WORLD SERIES (NBC, check local listings for time). National and American League champs get together on the home field of the American League pennant winner. Coverage continues through the week.

Sunday, October 12

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Shirley Bassey and Oliver will sing. Woody Allen will be funny, and Lee Marvin will scowl his way through a song from *Paint Your Wagon*.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *Fantastic Voyage* involves a miniaturized medical team doing tricky brain surgery from inside the patient. The special effects are spectacular and won the 1966 Oscar. Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch play two of the tiny people.

Monday, October 13

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Old Vaudevillians Donald O'Connor and Jimmy Durante take a few turns.

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Life Style" is a film made by a group of Berkeley students about themselves, and about the things that hassle them: black-white relationships, police and politics, parents and privacy.

MITZI'S 2ND SPECIAL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A musical version of *Gone With the Wind*, with Mitzi Gaynor and Ross Martin.

Tuesday, October 14

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Heinz Seilmann, the noted wildlife photographer and naturalist, patiently filmed unusual scenes depicting "The Mystery of Animal Behavior" in Australia, Alaska, Africa, Germany. Nesting birds, pregnant fish and socially interacting sea otters behave for the camera.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10:30 p.m.). As Peggy Lee prepares for a nightclub appearance at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, the steps leading to opening night are recorded, with a delectable lot of Miss Lee's singing along the way.

* All times E.D.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris manages to look both pretty and plausible as a 40-year-old divorcee who is wooed and finally wed by a young man in his 20s.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen's new comedy seems more a prolonged nightclub routine than a play, but his kooky view of the world and his nimble jokes make for an amusing evening.

Off Broadway

SALVATION. Begat by *Hair*, this new musical is an aesthetically retarded child that epitomizes Modcom—the commercial exploitation of modernity without regard for dramatic art. Like other Modcom productions that peddle the youth cult, *Salvation* is replete with cynical simulations of innocence, freedom and dissent.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May's *Adaptation* and Terrence McNally's *Next* are a happy combination of funny one-acters. Both plays are directed by Miss May with her usual wit and comic perception.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY is a sometimes rambling, but always absorbing study of the contemporary fabric of black-white and black-black relations.

OH! CALCUITAI! The talented authors of this "nudie review" have not come through with their promised elegant erotica—but the handsome bodies onstage help compensate for the disappointment.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK. An adroit cast presents moving readings and dramatizations from the works of the late Lorraine Hansberry.

DAMES AT SEA is a delightful parody of the movie musicals of the 1930s, complete with all the frenetic dance routines and a classic cliché: the naive young girl who survives the Broadway jungle to tap her way to stardom.

CINEMA

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Superficially a film about skydiving, *The Gypsy Moths* is in fact another investigation by Director John Frankenheimer into the nature and quality of courage. The story seems too slender and deliberate to bear its weight of rather sophomoric philosophy.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Woody Allen appears as a crook in this crazy crime flick (which he also directed and co-authored) that comes on like gangbusters.

MEDIUM COOL is an angry essay, in fictive documentary form, on American society in crisis. Writer-Director-Photographer Haskell Wexler uses the framework of a TV cameraman's experiences during last summer's Chicago convention to render the year's most impassioned and impressive film.

THE WILD BUNCH. The place is the Tex-Mex border, around the turn of the century, where a group of freebooting bandits try to scrounge a living out of a life that is fast becoming obsolete. Director Sam Peckinpah explores this violent world with hard-edged poetry and a sense of visual splendor that establishes him as one of the best American film makers.

STAIRCASE. There are two good reasons to see this film version of Charles Dyer's play, and they are Richard Burton and Rex Harrison. Portraying a bickering, desperate homosexual couple on the brink of

old age, both men turn in their best screen performances in years.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. Arthur Penn has turned Arlo Guthrie's jaunty talking blues hit of a couple of years back into a melancholy epitaph for an entire way of life. It is hard to imagine a more beautiful film than this—or a sadder one.

TRUE GRIT. At 62, John Wayne is still riding tall in the saddle. Playing a hard-drinking but sophisticated lawman in this cornball western comedy, Wayne proves that his nickname, "The Duke," has never been more apt.

EASY RIDER. A hippie voyage of discovery featuring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper (who also directed) bombing cross-country on their cycles looking for the meaning of it all. The self-pity gets pretty thick at times, but there are some good vignettes of rural America and a supporting performance by Jack Nicholson that is worth the price of admission.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A slick package about being lonely and loveless in New York is directed by John Schlesinger in fashion-magazine style, but the acting of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight gives the film a sense of poignancy and reality.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING JR., by Coretta Scott King. Intimate touches and a personal context lend new dimensions and drama to the life of her doomed and dedicated husband.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood infatuation with animals and his family's

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Name (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No.

City

State

Zip

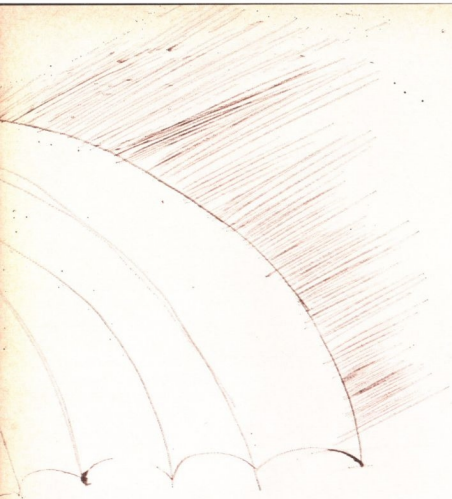
TO SUBSCRIBE TO TIME check rate below and fill in your name and address above.

- ☐ 1 year/\$12
☐ 2 years/\$18
☐ 3 years/\$23
☐ 5 years/\$30

MAIL TO: TIME,
541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois
60611

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry, or attach page with name and present address, if moving, fill new address above. Note: Your subscription expires on the date printed on label. Example: a JE 4 73 means subscription would end with the fourth issue of June, 1973.





Come.
We will be your wings. We will set you free.
Free beyond the heights of man. Free to
chase the sun.
Hug a cloud.
And, though you were born on earth. To
live on earth. You will be at home, here in the sky.
The comfort and ease you own on earth,
you will have up here.
And, Eastern will make it so.
It shall be a most natural thing. For you. To fly.



EASTERN The Wings of Man.

strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A HISTORY OF EX-PURGATED BOOKS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, by Noel Perrin. Examining the literary atrocities of squeamish expurgators, the author has created a brilliant little work of cultural history full of wit and learning.

THE WATERFALL, by Margaret Drabble. The author's finest novel is a superb audit of the profits and losses of love for a woman threatening to destroy herself and those who care for her.

THE EGG OF THE GLAX AND OTHER STORIES, by Harvey Jacobs. Bizarre urban fairy tales delivered with the kick and rhythm of a nightclub comedian.

JESUS REDISCOVERED, by Malcolm Muggeridge. The 66-year-old British cultural curmudgeon writes tellingly of the ways, means and meditations that led to his conversion to Christianity.

FAT CITY, by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond the level of caricature.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this entertaining analysis vinaigrette of the French national character.

FLASHMAN: FROM THE FLASHMAN PAPERS 1839-1842, edited and arranged by George MacDonald Fraser. But don't believe it for a minute. Though *Flashman* has fooled several scholars, it is actually an agreeable fictional takeoff on assorted tales of British derring-do in the days of the Empah.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly realistic

novel about a man's coming to terms with two women who love him and the cancer that is pinching off his life.

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal rites—as vivid and cheerfully bawdy as Boccaccio.

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN, by St. Clair McKelway. The incredible life of Stanley Clifford Weyman, who cracked the upper crust by posing at various times as U.S. Consul General to Algiers, a physician and a French naval officer.

SHAW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose well enough.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In notes and criticism, the prolific novelist repeatedly drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop non sequitur Irish storyteller around—which may be more welcome than well-made fiction.

THE END OF LIBERALISM, by Theodore J. Lowi. Much liberal policy but little liberalizing practice has characterized the U.S. Government for more than 30 years, says this University of Chicago professor, who argues for a dumping of pragmatism and political pluralism in favor of tough, well-planned and well-enforced Government standards.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals

has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that evokes Melville's memory.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astoundingly, she manages both.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
3. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (6)
4. *The Pretenders*, Davis (5)
5. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (3)
6. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (4)
7. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham (10)
8. *The Promise*, Potok (9)
9. *Ada*, Nabokov (7)
10. *Except for Me and Thee*, West

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *The Making of the President 1968*, White (2)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (3)
4. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher (4)
5. *The Honeycomb*, St. Johns
6. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (6)
7. *Jennie*, Martin (9)
8. *My Life and Prophecies*, Dixon and Noorbergen
9. *Captive City*, Demaris (7)
10. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (5)

INVER HOUSE
Scotch
 Soft as
 a Kiss

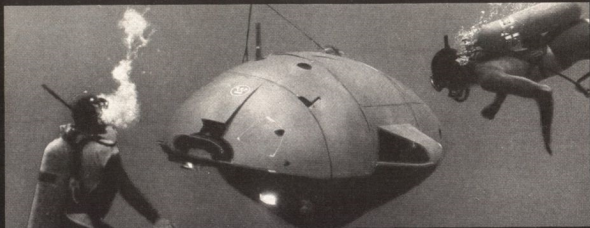
100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. COUNTRY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.

How to branch way out
without pulling up your roots

Cover ground by phone. Specifically, by a new money-saving Long Distance service called WATS—Wide Area Telecommunications Service. With WATS, you pay a flat monthly charge regardless of the number or length of your calls. It's not unusual to get more than twice as much calling time for your Long Distance dollars. And you can buy WATS nationally or regionally. Ask one of our Communications Consultants what WATS can do for your business.



If you were working here tomorrow



you'd wear a Rolex

It takes a special kind of man to face the silent perils of the marine underworld. And he needs a special kind of watch: a watch he's willing to stake his life on.

Nothing less than a Rolex would do for the support crew of Deepstar®, and for the pilots who take this 2-man research submarine down to 4,000 feet.

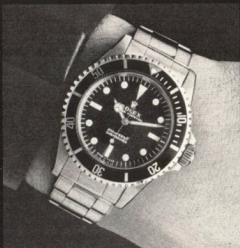
The watch they wear is the Rolex Submariner, a self-winding 26-jewel officially certified chronometer.

Its classic Oyster case is carved out of a solid block of hardened Swedish stainless steel and is individually tested and guaranteed to a depth of 660 feet.* Each Submariner is more than a year in the making.

The men of Project Deepstar call it time well-spent.

*When case, crown and crystal are intact. The Rolex Submariner is \$230 with matching bracelet.

©Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Underseas Division.




ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

Also available in Canada. Write for free color catalog.



Leapfrog Freight. Takes a load off your mind.

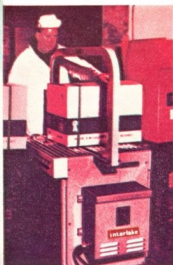
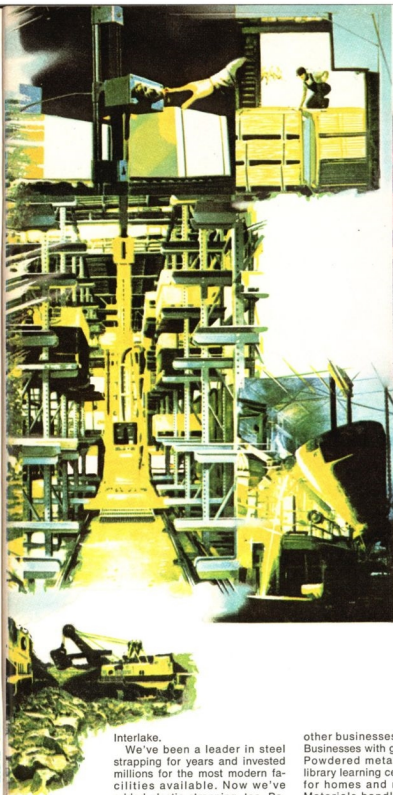


If you want your freight to leap to its destination, ask IC about its Leapfrog Freight Train concept. Right now freight trains are leapfrogging dozens of stops in long hops such as Chicago to New Orleans and St. Louis to Birmingham. These trains pause for little but fresh train crews for as many as 735 miles. They run without changing locomotives and without dropping or picking up cars. It's the modern way to run a railroad.

More Leapfrog Freight Trains are coming. Ask Ed Kreyling, our new traffic VP. The address: 135 East Eleventh Place, Chicago, Illinois 60605. Phone (312) 922-4811.

Illinois Central Railroad





What kind of steel company sells plastic strapping?

Interlake.

We've been a leader in steel strapping for years and invested millions for the most modern facilities available. Now we've added plastic strapping, too. Because plastic fits so many other of your packaging jobs so well.

Sounds unusual coming from a steel company, unless you know Interlake. We're already in five

other businesses besides steel. Businesses with growth potential. Powdered metals. School and library learning centers. Furniture for homes and mobile homes. Materials handling systems.

With all these new products going for us, we actually get only half our sales from steel mill products. Yet we're number 297 on FORTUNE's list of 500 top

corporations. (Last year we were 307).

To find out what we look like, where we're going and how we can help you, write for a copy of our annual report. It's more than good reading. It's a bellwether for the future. Ours and yours. Interlake, 310 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

Interlake® where steel is just the beginning

Metals • Packaging systems • Materials handling systems • Educational equipment • Furniture and leisure products

Our Bryant
Computer Products
Division builds
memory systems so
compact 1,200 bits
of information fit
into an area
the size of a postage
stamp. For the rest
of our story,
write for our
corporate brochure,
Box 386,
Detroit, Michigan
48232.



**We landed him
in London, Tangiers
and Singapore
without leaving
the ground.**

Computerized flight simulators, built around Ex-Cell-O memory systems, "visually and perceptually" familiarize pilots with airports they've never laid eyes on. These realistic teaching ma-

chines recreate every possible situation a pilot might encounter—rough weather to instrument landings. If the pilot makes a mistake, the only thing that suffers is his pride. Our memories are used because they're extremely reliable. But then so are the rest of our products, whether engine rotors for

jets or packaging for pickles. Ex-Cell-O Corporation. We invented "mass precision" and intend to live up to it.

XLO
EX-CELL-O CORPORATION

LETTERS

Drug Debate

Sir: I commend you on the fine article on pop drugs [Sept. 26]. It was most poignant and struck close to home. I was a grasshopper, but luckily enough I stopped a couple of months ago. I have heard a lot about how you can't get hooked just blowing grass. I've got too many friends disproving that theory. We all started on grass, but they are now dropping acid, popping speed and sniffing glue. Getting high is a great feeling, but it is a greater feeling being free and seeing someone else, and not yourself, ruin his life.

DAWN WELLS

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Could you please put me in touch with Dr. Lindesmith of your article on pop drugs? You see, I've been in college a couple of years now, and I haven't yet developed an interest in marijuana. So I guess I've got a problem. I'd appreciate whatever you could do but, for Christ's sake, don't tell my old man. He's along in years, and that could spell the end.

STEVE ORTON

Altadena, Calif.

Sir: That's a description of what it is like to be "under the influence" of drugs? Your teen-ager and adult are only describing what it is like to be acutely mentally ill—ask any schizophrenic.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH C. LANDWEHR
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: Your cover article is a tribute to modern interpretive reporting. The problem of drug abuse will not be solved until more people grasp the complex issues and address the problem with understanding based on scientific and social fact. When the mass media do a superior job of reporting these issues and facts, we are certainly on the road to solution.

STANLEY F. YOLLES, M.D.
Director

National Institute of
Mental Health
Chevy Chase, Md.

Abolishing the College

Sir: I doubt that President Nixon said that he will sign the proposed constitutional amendment to abolish the Electoral College "if it reaches his desk" [Sept. 26]. Upon approval by two-thirds of each house of Congress, constitutional amendments are not sent to the President but are submitted directly to the legislatures of the several states.

STEVEN L. STERN

Los Angeles

Taking On Teddy

Sir: How can Ted Kennedy have the gall to attack the Administration's Viet Nam war policy as "an exercise in politics and improvisation" [Sept. 26] when his recent famous TV speech was exactly that?

Hana, Maui, Hawaii

MARION BEADLE

Sir: Ted Kennedy's overrighteous indignation at President Nixon's handling of the inherited Viet Nam war is short of ludicrous. How unfortunate that Teddy was so silent when his brother John ordered the first American combat troops of this war into action and is now so vitriolic against the President's honest attempts

to reduce these forces. What irony that Teddy also insists that we now toss out the Thieu regime when it was, once again, his own brother who was directly responsible for the fall of Diem, leading to the rise of Thieu.

How tragic, too, Kennedy's professed concern with the loss of lives in Viet Nam when he was so negligent about saving the one young life over which he had direct control at Chappaquiddick.

(MRS.) G. M. GRACE

Arlington, Va.

Earlier Passage

Sir: It surprised me to find that the article "The Manhattan's Epic Voyage" [Sept. 26] failed to give credit to the first ship that completed the voyage through the Northwest Passage. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police auxiliary schooner *St. Roch* completed a west-to-east passage from Vancouver, B.C., more than 25 years ago. It also sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on July 22, 1944, and made the voyage through the Northwest Passage, arriving in Vancouver, B.C., on Oct. 16, 1944.

I am a retired member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and have always appreciated giving credit where it is due.

W.V.C. CHISHOLM

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: Your state that the Canadian government is now being pressured into declaring the Northwest Passage Canadian territorial waters, indicating that only now, when there is the scent of money in the air, is it going to do it. Canadians have always considered these waters to be theirs and have no intention of being bullied by American "oil-tanker diplomacy" into giving them up, despite America's mistaken idea that it owns us.

LEO J. KEATING

Guelph, Ont.

Avant-Garde Bagmen

Sir: My husband and I have just left Japan, and it behooves me to update you on behalf of the Japanese men, who probably are not even aware that they represent an avant-garde force of purse-carrying men [Sept. 26]. Rarely will you see a gentleman without his soft zippered black pouch bag with a handle, no doubt carrying personal accoutrements.

I've wondered for years how men have managed this long without them!

(MRS.) SYLVIA TERRELL

Los Angeles

Sir: Intrigued by Mr. Capote's portable collection, I inventoried my non-Gucci, shoulder-strapless and exceedingly square, standard-brown-leather attaché case. To wit: one tube of spot remover, one small tin of shoe polish, one pair of sunglasses, six packets of matches, one toothbrush (without toothpaste), three pencils (two broken), four ballpoint pens (two without ink), one loafer tassel, two unpaid bills, one checkbook, one pad of deposit slips, one address book, two note pads, one Chap Stick, one safety pin, six paper clips, nine rubber bands, one bottle of eye drops, one pen light, one railroad timetable, two personal letters, one road map, one adhesive bandage, one paperback book, one laundry ticket, some business papers.

Of course, you'd never catch me carrying a handbag.

WILLIAM MATHEWSON

Manhattan

Sir: Once upon a time, when I was a young girl, we were taught about the three genders: masculine, feminine and neuter. At long last, I understand the purpose of the neuter. It's something on which to hang the over-the-shoulder bag.

(MRS.) CARRIE HANCOCK

Willowdale, Ont.

On the House

Sir: Re your article "From Dream to Nightmare" [Sept. 26]: it is really too bad when, in this supposedly free country, some snob in a nondescript colonial house can tell someone what kind of house he can live in. This is a good example of how we treat everybody in the world who doesn't conform to our WASP way of life. I sincerely hope that Mr. Eustice wins his appeal and succeeds in trying to be an individual.

SANDY LOMBARDI

Minneapolis

Sir: Frankly, I think his house is beautiful. And if I lived in that atmosphere, I'd board up my windows, too.

KATHLEEN NUNES

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Animal Origins

Sir: I am amused though puzzled by your review of Eugene Marais' *The Soul of the Ape* [Sept. 26]. I am aware of no more highly informed reporting of the new evolutionary interpretations of human behavior than the articles appearing in your BEHAVIOR section. Yet in the back of the magazine, one finds a reviewer deploring it all, suggesting that Marais speculates too much about the animal origins of the human unconscious (when that is what the book is about), and finally stating that Marais "came to grief over the noninheritance of acquired characteristics," a concept that never enters the work.

I find it difficult to believe that any TIME staffer could know this little about what is going on in the natural sciences. Whom did you bring in, a cultural anthropologist?

ROBERT ARDREY

Rome

Mother Symbol

Sir: Vicki Budinger is marrying Tim [Sept. 26]. How exciting! She must see him as a mother symbol.

LESLIE GOODMAN-MALAMUTH
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Vice Chairman, Roy E. Losen; President, James R. Shelden; Chairman, Executive Committee, James A. Lisen; Executive Vice President and Chairman of the Finance Committee, David L. Brumback; Executive Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austell, Arthur W. Keylor; Vice President, Controller and Secretary, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, R. M. Buckley, Arnold W. Carlson, Richard M. Clurman, Otto Fuerbringer, Charles L. Gleason, Jr., Robert C. Gordon, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome H. Randall, Peter S. Honzik, Sidney L. Jones, Henry Luce III, Weston C. Pullen, Jr., Herbert D. Schatz, Arthur H. Thornhill, Jr., Garry Vail, Donald M. Wilson, Barry Zortbagen; Treasurer, Richard B. McKee; Assistant Treasurers, David H. Dolben, Evan S. Ingels; Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger; Assistant Secretary, William E. Bishop.





If crop protection were left to him you'd starve to death

Scarecrows are strictly for the birds. Crop protection today calls for far more effective methods. Insects, plant diseases and weeds are still destroying one fourth of all crops planted, despite the most advanced control measures available. Without these checks, there wouldn't be enough food to go around.

Fortunately, with the help of modern agricultural chemicals, the American farmer has been able to double the productivity of his land in the past 20 years. We at FMC Corporation, through our Niagara Chemical Division, have had a big part in this. As a major producer of dusts and sprays, we have developed special chemicals

and formulations that man can live with but the crop-destroyers can't.

FMC also pioneered in the development of sprayers and dusters. On farms across the nation, our John Bean applicators are used to apply protective agricultural chemicals to just about everything from apple trees to cotton plants.

And on the home front, FMC's basic pesticide concentrates are found in almost every major brand of "bug-bomb" for household use.

These are just a few of the many ways FMC is putting ideas to work. For more information, write FMC Corporation, Executive Offices, San Jose, California 95106.



FMC CORPORATION

Putting ideas to work in Machinery · Chemicals · Defense · Fibers & Films

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS: AVISCO fibers; packaging films; industrial strappings □ BOLENS compact tractors □ CHICAGO waste treatment systems □ CHIKSAN, O-C-T, WECO oil industry equipment □ FMC food processing equipment; packaging & converting machinery; systems engineering □ FMC industrial & specialty chemicals □ FMC defense material □ GUNDERSON railcars & marine vessels □ JOHN BEAN agricultural, automotive, airline, & fire fighting equipment □ LINK-BELL power transmission, materials handling, & construction equipment □ NIAGARA agricultural chemicals & seeds □ PEERLESS & COFFIN pumps □ SYNTRON & STEARNS electromagnetic equipment

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luke

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
literary Digest

FOUNDERS: BRITTON HADEN 1898-1929
HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: HENRY D. DODD
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD: ANDREW HEISEKILL
PRESIDENT: JAMES A. SHEPHERD
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR: DANIEL SELIGMAN
VICE CHAIRMAN: ROY E. LARSEN

MANAGING EDITOR
Henry Anatole Grunwald
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Edward L. Jameson

A. T. Baker, George G. Daniels, Michael Demaree, John T. Elson, Ronald P. Krim, Marshall Loebl, Peter Bird Martin, Jason McManis, Richard Seamon, Robert Shlayerson.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Douglas Auchincloss, Harriet Bachman, Laurence L. Barrett, Guyon Bickelstein, Richards Burgham, Gilbert Cant, Gerald Clarke, Spencer Davidson, Timothy Foe, Barker T. Harbush, Charles P. Jackson, Leon Jaffe, Keith R. Johnson, E. E. Kalen, Stefan Kessler, Roy Kennedy, John Kofford, Ed Magnuson, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parnier, John M. Scott, David B. Tinnin, Edwin G. Warner.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

John J. Austin, William F. Barnes, William Bender, John E. Berry, Patricia Blake, Ruth Brine, Cliff Bryant, Marshall Burchard, John M. Cavanaugh, George J. Church, Alan L. Cingen, Christopher T. Cory, Eugene F. Conle, Charles Crenshaw, Donald M. Morrison, R. Doerner, Arnold Howard Drapkin, L. Clayton DuBois, Ernie S. Edelman, Jose E. Escobar, George F. Gorman, Jackson Goodrich, Mark S. Goodman, F. Clayton DuBois, Philip Herrera, Robert G. Himmelfarb, Henry H. Himmelfarb, Timothy M. James, Margaret Johnson, Katie Kelly, Alvin Lee, Bob McCabe, Mayo Mohr, Oliver S. Moore III, Lance Morrow, Howard H. Mumford, Burton Nalson, Mark Nichols, Karen Packer, James Randall, R. Z. Siegfried, Larry Still, Peter Steiner, John A. Tinnin, Alan Washburn, Charles H. Wheat, Caryl Winfrey.

REPORTERS

Alan H. Anderson Jr., Peter Babcock, Jay Cocks, Barbara M. Duffy, Steven L. Englund, Douglas Ganger, Barbara Mills Kleban, Jill Kremen, Donald M. Morrison, Richard N. Ostling, James F. Simon, Andrea Svendsen, James Willert.

RESEARCHERS

Marysio P. Vega (Chief), Leah Shatz Gordon, Lou Anne Androp, Nancy McD. Chas. Maria Luisa Cisneros, Mary Fernandez, Maria A. Fitzgerald, Dorothy Hayden, Andrea Neuman, Virginia Adams, Susan Albrecht, Priscilla B. Badger, Anne Barnett, Patricia Beck, Jean Bragdon, Elizabeth Berry, Margaret G. Boeth, Dorothea Bourne, Molly Boudreau, Sara Collins, Kathleen Conn, Anne Cumlin, Gena Davis, Remond Draper, Constance E. Ekin, John E. Frank, Joanne Finger, Alice Rose Goren, Marie Goldstein, Maria Glaser, Patricia Goff, George H. Harrison, Harriet Heck, Joy Hovenden, Nancy L. Jaffe, Mary Kelley, Geraldine K. Koenigsmann, Mary K. Koenigsmann, Judith Koenigsmann, Nina W. Lihn, Gail Lowman, Gary McIntosh, Gillian McManis, Clara Merriam, Merrin, Ingrid K. Michaels, Francine Miles, Deborah Murphy, Ursula Nadavsky, Nancy Neuman, Henry Oler, Deborah Pless, Judith T. Pignone, S. Marion Pikel, Ruth Rafferty, Wendy Raymond, Erika K. Sanchez, Carol Sauer, Jane P. Semmel, Raine Silverman, Nancy L. Smith, Elizabeth Stalter, Michele Stephenson, Peter Svyker, Anne Loo, Marjorie Tinnin, Thomas Tinnin, Anne Trumble, Fortunata Sydona Vandermolen, Susanne S. Washburn, Michele Whitcomb, Nancy Willis, Linda Young, Rosemarie Tazak Zedkov.

CORRESPONDENTS

TIME LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Murray J. Galt (Chief)
R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker, Donald Birmingham, Senior Correspondent: John L. Steele
WASHINGTON: Hugh Sledge, Edwin W. Goodknight, Bonnie Angelo, Walter Bennett, Peter R. Borrelli, Martha Bucknell, Vincent A. Carlin Jr., Jess Cook Jr., Simmons Ferrante, Dean E. Fischer, Hays Govey, Jerry Hamilton, Paul R. Hathaway, Lou Hirsch, Leo Neill MacNeil, Lawrence Malkin, Loye W. Miller Jr., John Muliken, Richard A. Neuman, Richard Schmalzer, Nancy L. Smith, Elizabeth Stalter, Michele Stephenson, Peter Svyker, Anne Loo, Marjorie Tinnin, Thomas Tinnin, Anne Trumble, Fortunata Sydona Vandermolen, Susanne S. Washburn, Michele Whitcomb, Nancy Willis, Linda Young, Rosemarie Tazak Zedkov.

EDITORIAL SERVICES

Paul Welch (Director), Robert W. Boyd Jr., Peter Draz, George Karas, Doris O'Neill, Patricia L. Rodolph.

PUBLISHER

HENRY LUCE III
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Ralph P. Davidson
GENERAL MANAGER: John S. Davidson
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Robert J. Moore
PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Richard E. Coffey
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: John A. Meyers
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR: Robert C. Barr

LIKE too many other small American communities, rural Surgoinsville, Tenn., has no doctor. When the town's only physician died in 1966, there was no one to take his place; his modern clinic has been closed ever since, and the 5,000 people who live in and around the little northeastern Tennessee community were forced to drive 28 miles to visit the nearest doctor in a neighboring town. Several months ago, the Rev. Robert E. Button, 28, one of a group of cit-

ization and wording, TIME would run an ad free.

Main Street produced an ad worthy of Madison Avenue. The ad, which ran in several of TIME's regional editions, showed a child peering through a door window hearing a "clinic closed" sign. Readers were asked to "help Surgoinsville find a doctor"—and, as it turns out, they did just that. The "Surgoinsville Independent Citizens' Committee" (SICK) received scores of responses. Sixteen physicians were among those who wrote, inquiring about setting up practice in Surgoinsville. By last week, the town had narrowed the candidates down to four, and it hopes to have its new doctor soon. "We had no idea that we could unleash such a landslide of publicity and reaction," Mr. Button says. The ad, he feels, also made the "plight of other small doctorless communities a matter of wide public knowledge."

Associate Editor David Tinnin, who wrote this week's cover story on Socialist Willy Brandt, has been following the evolution of postwar Germany since 1949, when he entered the University of Heidelberg. There he studied history and philosophy for four years; along the way, he also won two All-German collegiate track championships (in the 100 and 200 meter dashes)—and a German wife. When Kurt Kiesinger came to power in 1966, Tinnin wrote the cover story on the Chancellor that noted the waning days of the country's postwar era. In this week's story, which was edited by Senior Editor Ronald Kriss, Tinnin examines the opening of a new era for West Germany.

The Cover: Woodcut by Norman Gorbaty. This is the first TIME cover by Gorbaty, 37, who is an associate professor of graphic design at Manhattan's Cooper Union.



TINNIN & KRIS

izens who had been searching for a new doctor, saw an advertisement in TIME placed by a junior college that was seeking funds.

Wondering how a school so small could have afforded to pay for the full-page appeal, Button called Robert C. Barr, TIME's associate ad director in New York, to inquire about the ad. Barr explained that the junior college appeal had been run without charge as part of a special program that TIME began for colleges three years ago. But Barr made Button a sporting proposition: if the town of Surgoinsville could supply the illus-

INDEX

Cover Story 24 Essay 42

Art	68	Environment	70	Nation	15
Behavior	60	Law	57	People	44
Books	102	Letters	9	Press	77
Business	87	Listings	3	Sport	80
Cinema	100	Medicine	72	Television	66
Education	49	Milestones	98	World	24
		Modern Living	97		

© 1969 TIME Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is prohibited. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

WE DEMAND
LONG COPIES
SHORT COPIES
DIMENSIONAL COPIES

APECO
BLACK & WHITE
COPIES
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Fight Hi-Cost
the new "Roll"
saves "bread"



Before the grumbling becomes a revolt.

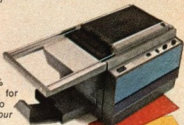
Apēco® Roll-O-Matic Copymaker

Have a peaceful demonstration in your office

Join the cause! This whole new thing in copying is everything you want. The Apēco Roll-O-Matic is the copymaker that copies the original LIKE IT IS, including length—without changing paper. The copy paper comes loaded on a roll to shoot out long copies, short copies, single copies or multiple copies automatically—140% faster than ever before. No way to beat the Apēco Roll-O-Matic for speed, efficiency or economy. So get with it! Turn on an Apēco Roll-O-Matic in your office to save time and money. Let us take our LEADER to you.

FREE GIFT for sizing up the copymaker that sizes up copies

Put yourself in the picture and get a set of beautiful, simulated leather Picture Frame Bookends—FREE, just for sending for the Apēco Roll-O-Matic Brochure. Mail the reply card today.



Available in a choice of new eye-catching computer colors or a variety of wood grain panels.

APēCO

AMERICAN PHOTOCOPY EQUIPMENT COMPANY/2100 DEMPSTER STREET, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60204

It's not pushy.

Watch out, though, for its easy-talking ways. Soft Whiskey could soft sell you into forgetting that it's 86 proof.



Calvert Extra, The Soft Whiskey

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1969 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 10, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 15

THE NATION

NIXON'S WORST WEEK

It did not take an alarmist of Chicken Little proportions to discern that bits of sky were falling on the Nixon Administration. The Haynsworth case, the Green Beret debacle, disarray in the Justice Department, the Republican loss in a congressional special election, bitter debate over Viet Nam—all at once all the news was bad. Yet somehow, Nixon seemed unconcerned and aloof from it all. Hugh Sidey, TIME's Washington Bureau chief, found that attitude perhaps as alarming as the events themselves in the most trying time Nixon has yet had in office, and offered this analysis:

RICHARD NIXON conceived his presidency in contrast to Lyndon Johnson's. Nixon won the election partly because he was so successful in the use of cosmetics and electronics. In power he intended to pursue the same course. Johnson was loud, Nixon would be soft. Johnson was secretive and deceptive, Nixon open and candid. Johnson played cronyism while Nixon would seek counsel from friend and foe. Johnson became the symbol of a political manipulator, but Nixon would abandon his old style of partisanship to strike a pose as statesman of all the people. The script said in large letters: AVOID LYNDON JOHNSON'S MISTAKES.

Crucial Months. It isn't working. For all the President's intelligent instincts, last week—the worst for Nixon since taking office—showed how easily history can repeat itself. Nixon had tried to fine-tune his war policy by modulated maneuvers, but suddenly the home front reverted to a battle for the weary hearts and minds of Americans. There are no lines from the White House that link up with the Vermont Avenue headquarters of the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee, whose first nationwide demonstration, scheduled for Oct. 15, appears to be gathering momentum beyond all expectations. Nixon cannot turn a knob or issue an order that will still Democratic Senators Mike Mansfield and William Fulbright. He cannot even silence Republican Senator Charles Goodell.

In the splendid serenity of Camp David on Sept. 27, Nixon allowed the partisan and the tough fighter to reappear. Meeting with Republican legislative and party leaders, he declared

that he did not intend to be the first American President to lose a war (see story page 17). He railed against those who would "bug out." He talked of the crucial nature of the next "couple of months." That meeting placed Nixon shoulder to shoulder with L.B.J. in an unwinnable fight against those whom Johnson once described as "nervous Nellies." Nixon's presidency may never be the same again.

Automatic Honor. The Administration also may not quickly recover from the matter of Judge Clement Haynsworth's financial affairs. With Eisenhower's old dictum about being "clean as a hound's tooth" as a possible rationalization, the Administration helped nudge Abe Fortas off the Supreme Court. Now, because of the casual approach that Attorney General John Mitchell took, Nixon finds himself on the defensive over the Haynsworth nomination. Those who believe that a judge should be above suspicion may be forgiven if they view both men through one lens.

Of all the Johnson Administration's

plagues, none was so virulent as the credibility gap. Yet last week Washington witnessed one of those painful rituals in which the White House was forced to acknowledge—after earlier evasions—that the President had, after all, been personally involved in the dismissal of murder charges against the Green Berets.

Sometimes it seems that Nixon and his men were flash-frozen back in the mid-'50s, when the U.S. was primarily concerned with consumer appetites and staving off recessions, when the men from the board rooms ruled comfortably and calmly. Defrosted and put into service now, 15 years later, they find the environment totally changed. For Mitchell and his aides, Haynsworth met the criteria of respectability and honor that automatically accrues to one of his social and economic standing. What else was needed? For Nixon, it is enough that a President deliberate in solitude and have a nice, pleasant representative of the firm like young Ronald Ziegler (see THE PRESS) out front talking in advertisingese about the President being



NIXONS LEAVE IN RAIN FOR FLORIDA WEEKEND
A necessity to slug away from dawn till night.

"cool," and his "meeting with staff" and "reviewing."

This Administration has the atmosphere of the private club. Mitchell in particular seems to exude an attitude impervious to national concerns. The fact that he said school integration would be accomplished seemed to be all he felt necessary. He showed a remarkable nonchalance when some of his attorneys rebelled, and stayed calmly in his bed at San Clemente. Nixon's own style has been that of the corporate man rather than the public official—or at least a version of the corporate man who is insulated and protected from outside scrutiny of his decision-making processes. He has lived in lush privacy, unhurried and at times seemingly unconcerned. Others take the clue. They congregate in the splendor of the Watergate apartments, entertain each other and are either unaware of the mounting problems or not certain how to meet them.

In the past 15 years the internal problems of this nation have grown geometrically. The American people know more, are troubled more. Hints of strain back then have become deep divisions in society. Yet Nixon has not tended the shop. He has not, in fact, worked hard enough at the job. That does not mean a President must shout and heave like Lyndon Johnson. But a President must stay in there and slug away from dawn to night. Take breaks, certainly. But all these experiments in running a government from the banks of the Pedernales or the Pacific shore are exercises in self-delusion. Washington is home and office for a President of the U.S. in this age; Nixon ended last week with another trip to Florida.

No Crises. The old worries about the superficiality of Nixon have been rekindled. He has been preoccupied with deadlines: give him a year; no war criticism for 60 days; we'll do it faster than Clark Clifford wants. These are splendid salves for the wounds, but they avoid the realities. There is no real progress in the pursuit of peace that anyone knows about. There is a middle America, angry at crime and dissent, in tune with much of what Richard Nixon stands for, but to ignore the basic causes of problems is dangerous.

Nixon, to an alarming degree, has done just that. Preoccupied with the rituals of power, pleased with the mood of calm he evoked in his first days, conditioned to a world where men in their privileged preserves make the decisions that bind others, he is now finding how difficult it is to govern in the real world. The President and his men have freed something of a grace period, free of new, stabbing crises arising in the night. Their troubles—relative to a Bay of Pigs, a Cuban missile confrontation, a Tet offensive, a skein of domestic riots—have been modest in scale. Right now one can only guess how the Administration will perform in future tests, and how much it is learning from its present difficulties.

THE HAYNSWORTH HASSLE

It was a mistake in the first place to submit the nomination, and it's a mistake not to withdraw it. It will not enhance the prestige of the Supreme Court. It will not help the Republican Party. We shouldn't be on the defensive on the Supreme Court.

THOSE anguished words from a Republican Party leader were directed toward Richard Nixon, as the President met privately with dyspeptic party chiefs last week. The subject, of course, was Nixon's candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, South Carolina Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr., who was suddenly the center of an old-fashioned political donnybrook threatening to divide the Republicans, delight the Democrats and tarnish the President. All week long Washington was rolled by rumors, as Congressmen and Senators conferred with one another and the Administration, counted votes and then counted them again, examined the facts, their consciences, read their constituents' mail and weighed the choices.

Those choices were not easy for many Republican Senate leaders. Haynsworth has turned out to be more than they bargained for as a political problem, and less than they are willing to accept as a Supreme Court Justice. Nixon's nominee has a pedestrian record as a jurist, one that unions view as anti-labor and civil rights workers as ante bellum. Some of his financial dealings raise the specter of Fortas-like improprieties, different though the cases are. All that was known, and seemingly surmounted, during the initial weeks of Senate hearings on his

nomination. Then a fresh round of G.O.P. grumblings on Capitol Hill signaled that rancor was turning into revolt. Faced with insurgence, which if combined with Democratic votes could lead eventually to defeat of the Haynsworth nomination, Richard Nixon dug in his heels. Presidential prestige and power faced off against the liberal conscience within the G.O.P.

No Matter the Facts. Less than two weeks ago, it hardly seemed it would come to that. Despite the protests of organized labor and civil rights groups, Haynsworth's confirmation appeared assured. What brought about the sudden shift in Republican ranks against Haynsworth was the disclosure that he once had a tenuous business connection with Bobby Baker, the former Democratic Senate aide who was convicted of larceny and tax evasion in 1967. Both men invested in a South Carolina real estate deal several years ago, although neither apparently knew the other. Indiana's Democratic Senator Birch Bayh, leader of the Senate Judiciary Committee's anti-Haynsworth faction, dispatched an investigator to interview Baker. An amused Baker refused to help, asking: "Do you want to ruin my reputation by associating me with Haynsworth?"

The real estate deal was apparently innocuous and innocent, but Baker's name is enough to frighten most politicians. To some Republicans, Haynsworth's questionable judgment, described by one G.O.P. Senator as not a matter of dishonesty but "ethical opaqueness," combined with Bobby Baker, was too much.



THURMOND & HAYNSWORTH AT HEARING
More than bargained for, less than acceptable.

No matter what the facts were, they feared that Haynsworth would be condemned by the public.

As the Baker bomb was exploding, anti-Haynsworth mail began flooding Republican offices. Obviously much of it was sponsored by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But what shocked Republicans was the heavy load of obviously non-organizational mail from constituents concerned about Haynsworth. Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater admitted that "I had no qualms about Haynsworth at all until I saw a stack of mail on my desk. The usual left-wing mail, you can identify. But it's another matter when you get mail from strict constitutionalists who write: 'Isn't there somebody else?'"

Early in the week Michigan's Senator Robert Griffin, the newly elected Republican whip, discovered a troubling trend among his colleagues. Polling the other 42 G.O.P. Senators, Griffin found a widespread desire to remain loyal to party and President. At the same time, several Senators indicated that they either did not want to vote for Haynsworth or had serious doubts about him. The legislators were angry at being put on the spot because of the negligence of Attorney General John Mitchell. Mitchell had recommended Haynsworth to Nixon. They felt that after the scandal-sodden resignation of Abe Fortas, any Republican nominee for the court must be completely clean. Mitchell had checked on Haynsworth, but not enough.

Loyalty Test. Despite his blunder, Mitchell again proved his clout with Nixon. The President, Mitchell and Presidential Counsel John Ehrlichman went to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's house on Washington's Linn Avenue for dinner at midweek. Mitchell bore down heavily on the point that the Haynsworth affair was being turned into a political attack on the President. Agreed on that premise, Nixon and his Attorney General decided to cast the issue as a test of presidential prerogative and party loyalty. The Senate Republicans who opposed Haynsworth and those who had strong misgivings about him were selected as the targets for the White House counterattack. They will be strongly urged not to oppose the President's nominee. If that does not work, political pressure, such as threats of holding up federally funded projects, will be applied.

In adopting its hard line, the administration lent credence to those who charge that Haynsworth is the unhappy end result of Nixon's "Southern strategy," a political ploy the President has repeatedly denied. According to this theory, Nixon met with South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond and other Southern leaders in Atlanta in May of last year. The Southerners promised Nixon two things. First, they would protect Southern delegates for Nixon in the convention against the poaching of California's Governor Ronald Reagan. Second, they would do their best to



hold the line in the general election against Alabama's George Wallace. In return, Nixon supposedly made certain promises, one of them being a guarantee to Strom Thurmond that he could name a Justice to the Supreme Court when the opportunity arose. If a *quid pro quo* arrangement was in fact agreed upon, to withdraw Haynsworth's name might lose key Southern support for the 1970 congressional elections, and for the presidential race in 1972.

Pyrrhic Victory. While the Republicans stewed, Senate Democrats, for the most part, kept their own counsel on Haynsworth. By not making the confirmation a test of loyalty for Democrats, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield left maneuvering room for discontented Republicans and increased chances of a negative vote on Haynsworth. If all the Democrats banded against the G.O.P. nominee, Republican dissidents might more easily be persuaded to accept the party line for purely partisan reasons.

The focus of the furor, Haynsworth, spent most of the turbulent week sequestered in Washington's Mayflower Hotel. He offered nothing publicly except the assurance that he had no intention of withdrawing under fire. At Nixon and Mitchell's behest, he submitted to extensive questioning from Assistant Attorney General William F. Rehnquist, who heads the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel. Nixon knew that one more piece of damaging evidence against Haynsworth, however trivial, would surely tip the balance against the South Carolinian. Nixon wanted no more surprises. He seemed confident there would be none, and urged the Senate Judiciary Committee to move Haynsworth's name promptly to the floor for debate. What would happen there was anyone's guess at week's end. Barring some new development, most of the cloakroom vote counting indicated the President would win and get his Associate Justice. But if the vote were to be very close, the cost could be a divided G.O.P. and a Pyrrhic victory for the President.

THE WAR Blaming the Critics

Richard Nixon is determined to extract some concessions from North Viet Nam in exchange for U.S. disengagement from the war. To do this, he believes, he must convince the other side that his domestic position is solid. Further, he must make his American critics believe that they cannot rush him. The President is having trouble on both counts, but not for want of trying.

After his recent press conference declaration that antiwar outcries would not affect his policy, the President held two private meetings with Republican congressional and party leaders. The first took place at Camp David, where, amid Maryland's Catoctin Mountains, the participants lounged beside a figure-eight swimming pool and heard the President blame many of his Administration's problems on the Democratic-controlled Congress. The second meeting was a White House breakfast. The deliberations at such sessions almost always leak out; that is often the intention. The President's main message, echoing Lyndon Johnson, was that U.S. opponents of the war must take the blame for the war's continuation.

Bombing Suggestion. In the wake of Ho Chi Minh's death, suggested the President, North Viet Nam must reappraise its war strategy, and a united U.S. front—or at least an absence of public criticism of the war—would make Hanoi more tractable. One trouble with the argument is that the Communists have given no hint in Paris of changing their attitude in the slightest, despite nearly nine months of little domestic protest. Fighting is in another lull, but it is doubtful how long it will last. Still, declared Nixon: "The other side doesn't seem to realize it, but I'm in here for another three years and three months. I'm not going to be the first American President who loses a war."

The Republican legislative leaders emerged swinging from the conferences. Nixon had mentioned the crucial nature of the next "couple of months,"

and Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott predicted that "you will have a new situation" if criticism subsides for 60 days. What that situation might be, or why Hanoi would be influenced by such a temporary, artificial hold-down of protest, was not explained. Senator John Tower suggested that if the Communists do not become more reasonable "over the next few days," the U.S. should consider resuming the bombing of North Viet Nam. Representative Bob Wilson, chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee, noted the endorsement given by several Democrats to the planned Oct. 15 antiwar demonstration (see box) and condemned their support as "nothing more than a cheap effort to make a few political points at the expense of the national interest."

Christmas Present. Despite such remarks, the Viet Nam debate is clearly not a partisan issue, at least not yet. There are too many divisions within both parties. The argument that renewed dissent in this country is reinforcing Communist stubbornness is also shaky, since it presumes that Hanoi makes its decisions on the basis of protest in the streets and in the press. These obviously enter North Viet Nam's calculations, but there are far clearer guides to U.S. intent and will.

Hanoi knows that the war issue felled Lyndon Johnson. It heard Richard Nixon express the hope that he could beat Clark Clifford's withdrawal timetable, which called for all U.S. ground combat troops to be out of Viet Nam by the end of 1970. Hanoi watched as Nixon began to reduce manpower in South Viet Nam. And it heard Senator George Aiken, senior Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, predict that Nixon will announce "another troop withdrawal for Christmas, enough to make 100,000 for this year."

William Fulbright spoke for many in the U.S.—even some who otherwise disagree with him—when he said: "I object to the policy that we should all keep quiet and hope for the best." The newly aroused protesters, both on Capitol Hill and on the campuses, seem in no mood to be silenced. Charles Goodell, eager to make a liberal reputation in liberal New York before next year's election, is pressing his bill to remove all U.S. troops from South Viet Nam by December 1970. Administration strategists think the proposal should be brought to a vote soon; it would probably be defeated. Unilateral withdrawal is plainly not acceptable to a majority of Congress or of the country—at present. But proposals for bigger steps toward disengagement continued. Charles Percy urged Nixon to halt all bombing and offensive ground operations in South Viet Nam. Mike Mansfield, the Democratic Senate leader, proposed that Washington attempt a cease-fire. He credited Nixon with wanting out of Viet Nam, "sure as hell." That Hanoi knows this too makes the dispute over the propriety of dispute academic.

Getting Ready for M-Day

ON top of all his other problems, President Nixon was finding a remark he had made at his press conference the week before coming back to haunt him. He would not, he had insisted, "be affected whatever" by antiwar protests like the Moratorium Day activities planned for Oct. 15. More than any of the newspaper ads placed by the day's organizers, that defiant—some would say contemptuous—stand galvanized much of the nation's factional peace movement. Some 1,500 letters of support and more than \$1,000 descended daily on the confused but jubilant Viet Nam Moratorium Committee staff in Washington. Workers there cheerfully conceded that they had little hope of coordinating the burgeoning af-

him last spring after a Massachusetts peace group proposed a drive to set a deadline for termination of the war, using the threat of a nationwide general strike as its main weapon. Brown considered a commerce-stopping strike almost an impossibility to pull off, but guessed that a national day of protest, accenting pacific rallies, door-to-door pleading and campus debates, might inspire significant support. "The discussion of the war had become stale," he says. "We needed new tactics."

Off the campuses, those tactics on Oct. 15 will vary widely. The Congress itself has been urged to participate by two dozen Democratic Senators and Representatives, who announced that they will boycott legislative business on Capitol Hill that day. They include such war critics as Senators George McGovern, Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie and William Fulbright. Their idea has spread so widely that there is some doubt whether the Senate will be able to collect a quorum on M-Day. The Republican Party's liberal Ripon Society is backing the moratorium. At the community level, Buffalo Mayor Frank A. Sedita has proclaimed his city an official participant, and there will be a mass rally on the city hall steps and an evening bonfire to memorialize Viet Nam war dead.

"Businessmen's Rallies" are scheduled by antiwar groups for Chicago's Civic Center Plaza and New York's Wall Street. Some scientists at Bell Laboratories in Murray Hill, N.J., have promised to wear black armbands at work, as have some doctors and dentists. Two top leaders of American Reform Judaism, Boston's Rabbi Roland Gittlesohn and New York's Rabbi Maurice Eisendrath, urged their 700 synagogues to participate. Exerting his influence beyond the cause of his migrant workers for the first time, Mexican-American Leader Cesar Chavez has asked his followers to observe the day. The moratorium leaders expect thousands of sympathizers not allied with organizations to wear armbands or simply observe moments of silence on the job. That does not mean, of course, that everyone agrees with the tactics and aims of M-Day. Neither protest politics nor a hasty U.S. withdrawal are popular everywhere in the nation—and there will be countless communities where Oct. 15 will be just another day.

Some Administration supporters are concerned that M-Day will be dominated by confrontation-seeking radicals and perhaps lead to violence. Sam Brown doubts it. He considers the antiwar feeling in the U.S. to be too pervasive to be dominated by any faction. He does not even expect the day's rhetoric to be unduly violent. "We will try to engage people in conversation rather than in polemics," he promises.



BROWN AT MORATORIUM HEADQUARTERS

fair. While focused on college campuses (see EDUCATION), the protest was gaining the support of religious and civil rights groups, radicals and wealthy liberals, politicians in Congress and in many communities. The forces were mainly those that had rallied behind the presidential candidacies of Senators Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy a year ago.

The Moratorium Committee's coordinator is, in fact, a former McCarthy campaign aide, Sam Brown, 26. An ebullient onetime Harvard Divinity School student from Council Bluffs, Iowa, Brown has been restlessly seeking new ways to marshal a mass antiwar movement ever since he effectively organized campus youths behind McCarthy. He won a fellowship to Harvard's Institute of Politics last year, tried to create a strong anti-ABM movement in Boston, but soon lost interest in both enterprises. The idea for a Moratorium Day came to



RHEAULT



RESOR

BERETS: GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

THE case of the accused Green Berets, surely one of the most bizarre episodes in the often surrealistic world of spies and counterspies, ended last week in much the way it had begun: by tainting nearly everyone involved in it.

Army Secretary Stanley Resor insisted in one breath that "the Army will not and cannot condone unlawful acts of the kind" his uniformed subordinates had charged eight Green Berets in Viet Nam with committing; namely, the murder of a suspected double agent. Yet in the next moment he announced that the charges were dismissed. He placed the blame on the CIA for refusing to allow its agents to testify against the defendants. That seemed to imply that the CIA was a law unto itself. The White House at first aided that impression, claiming the President had taken no part in the decision. Then Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler conceded that Nixon had approved it. In fact, the President had ordered the dismissals. As for the Berets, they jubilantly claimed to have been exonerated; on their release, some even insisted that there had been no killing, at least not in the legal sense of murder. Yet Thai Khac Chuyen, a Vietnamese employed by the Special Forces, was assuredly dead, and all signs pointed to U.S. responsibility for his death.

Commonplace Killings. Unsatisfactory and untidy as that ending was, it stemmed from a growing conviction in Washington that the impending court-martial of the Berets would have been even messier. Two of the nation's most publicized lawyers, Edward Bennett Williams and F. Lee Bailey, had been hired by the defendants and were poised to portray their clients as victims of nasty

rivalries among U.S. intelligence-gathering agencies. They would have blistered the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, General Creighton Abrams, for initiating the charges and would have exposed jealousies between the regular Army and the elite Special Forces. The cold-blooded killing of double agents by U.S. forces would have been pictured as commonplace. CIA's disputed role in the case would have been dissected, and agents in the field might possibly have been compromised. "If there had been a trial," said Bailey, "the defendants would have become Abrams, [CIA Director Richard] Helms and Nixon. The

only winner would have been North Viet Nam."

Such a prospect should have been foreseen before eight of the Green Berets stationed in Viet Nam, including the Special Forces commander, Colonel Robert Rheault, were arrested last July. Certainly, when they were charged with the murder of Chuyen, the devastating public consequences were clear. Yet it took intense pressure by Congressmen from both parties to get the charges dropped. The most influential was South Carolina Democrat Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. As a longtime defender of military appropriations, he has a major say on military matters. Rivers summoned Secretary Resor, argued that the Army's reputation is under enough attack because of the war, and vowed: "I will not see the Army denigrated and downgraded before the world." When Resor insisted that he must stand behind General Abrams and pursue the case, the two quarreled sharply.

Greatest Mockery. The determined Rivers then went over Resor's head. He made his pitch to Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird. Both seemed unhappy with Resor's stand but were unwilling to overrule him in an intramural Army matter. Rivers then asked to see the President. Nixon ducked the confrontation, but sent his Congressional Aide Bryce Harlow to hear Rivers' plea. Rivers hardly needed to point out that he is a chief advocate of the President's ABM authorization bill that was before the House. What he did do was threaten to give three of the Berets a chance to rebut all charges in public hearings before his committee. If the courts-martial were held, he warned, they would become "the greatest mockery since the trial of Christ."

Nixon got the message. While the



PHAM KIM LIEN & SON
With a widow's curse.

Joint Chiefs, backing their general in Viet Nam, still urged that the trials be held, Nixon sent Resor to the rostrum to kill the charges and set the Berets free. The claim that the CIA would not allow its agents to testify was only a pretext—and a transparently clumsy one at that—for calling the whole thing off.

Some of the accused officers promptly consulted their attorneys on how to seek compensation from the Army for damage to their reputations or get their names fully cleared. Those prospects seemed dim, and most of the Berets probably agreed with Colonel Rheault, who said on arrival at California's Travis Air Force Base that he hoped history would ignore the affair. "It would better be forgotten as long as people remember that we were exonerated." There is little likelihood of that, but unless some of the Green Berets themselves tell their full stories, the details of the episode may remain a mystery.

Some Lessons. Why, in a war in which some 3,800 soldiers on both sides die each week, had the killing of one civilian become such a *cause célèbre*? Partly because Chuyen's slaying exposed the tensions that exist among U.S. agencies carrying out spying activities in Viet Nam and along its borders. Chuyen was employed as an agent and interpreter by the Special Forces, which had assumed some intelligence-gathering duties long the prerogative of the CIA. The Berets suspected him of being a double agent and shot him, claiming that the CIA had ordered the execution, then rescinded it too late. Not so, claims the CIA, it only suggested that Chuyen be turned over to the South Vietnamese. CIA sources even raised the ugly possibility last week that it had all been a matter of mistaken identity. They claimed that the Berets were no longer certain that Chuyen actually was the man spotted talking to the Viet Cong in a photo taken inside an enemy camp.

Regardless of who was right, the Berets were ordered prosecuted by the Army's General Abrams, who was incensed at being lied to by the Berets. They told the general that Chuyen was only "off on a dangerous mission" at a time when he actually was dead. Abrams apparently was determined to dramatize his insistence that the Special Forces must operate under his command. It will be difficult for Washington to keep the case closed; it demands that ways be found to keep U.S. spies from fighting each other.

Probably the only person more furious than Abrams with the decision was Pham Kim Lien, the 29-year-old widow of the victim Thai Khac Chuyen. Last week she alternately threatened to join the Viet Cong, kill herself and her two children, or take her case to the United Nations. "The soul of my husband," she said, "will follow those who killed him." She wants \$38,440 in reparations, the equivalent of 20 years of her husband's pay, in order to see her through until her children are grown.

THE KENNEDYS Back from Chappaquiddick

After a month's hiatus, all of the unanswered questions were due to take shape again this week as the Massachusetts Supreme Court meets to consider whether—and on what ground rules—an inquest will be held into the death of Mary Jo Kopechne. Yet the issues of the case have been more psychological and political than legal. Ever since Edward Kennedy's black sedan dropped off the Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick on July 18, the question of guilt or innocence—or at least a sort of non-guilt—has been tried in the national mind, and in Kennedy's.

The popular verdict is difficult to discern and could still be considerably altered if Kennedy, at an inquest or in some other forum, can provide a more complete explanation of his behavior on Chappaquiddick. Kennedy is privately convinced that he will eventually be able to persuade millions of Americans of his innocence. But he is certain that an equal number will never believe him.

In his own mind, however, Kennedy has obviously learned to live with the tragedy of Mary Jo Kopechne's death and his political misfortunes. In recent days, he has displayed a marked resilience. He has lost 20 lbs.—leading to a Capitol Hill sick joke: "There must be an easier way to lose weight." He is clear-eyed, the puffy jowls are gone, his hair is razor-cut in the back with the sideburns shorter. His handshake is firm once more.

Last week, as Kennedy was rushing to a Senate-House conference, he encountered a couple with a teen-age daughter. When the father raised his

camera, Kennedy asked, "Do you want a picture? Stand here with me." The excited mother and daughter posed with Kennedy while the father snapped away. A few weeks ago, Kennedy would have walked by with his eyes on the floor.

Questions of Secrecy. He may have forsaken any presidential ambition for 1972, but Kennedy is now determined to prove that he deserves re-election next year as an active Senator. A nearly total immersion in Senate business has also acted as a kind of therapy. Occasionally, he fears that he has lost some effectiveness. During a hearing of his Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, for example, Kennedy upbraided Federal Trade Commission Chairman Paul Rand Dixon. Later in the hearing, Maryland Senator Charles Mathias defended Dixon against accusations of undue secrecy and suggested that the FTC practice of not publicizing complaints against various firms was akin to grand jury procedures—which are held in secret.

Although Mathias' reference was unintentional, it reminded everyone present of Kennedy's effort to avoid a public inquest. Kennedy looked downcast and did not pursue the matter of FTC secrecy any further. Similarly, Kennedy was uncharacteristically restrained during Judiciary Committee hearings on Judge Clement Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court.

Yet he was finding his confidence again on other fronts. As Democratic whip, Kennedy happily took over the majority leadership last week during a brief absence by Mike Mansfield. He skillfully managed to restore \$3.9 million in committee to an education program for Eskimo and Indian children



KENNEDY AT HEARING ON FTC
Work has become therapy.

—and was scheduled to meet in New Mexico early this week with Indian leaders to discuss the bill. He floor-managed a National Science Foundation bill that resulted in a half-billion-dollar authorization. He led a fight to kill a \$45 million appropriation to extend the west front of the Capitol, a particularly fatuous project promoted by some of the Senate's leading Bourbons. Kennedy has also become once again one of the most prominent voices of dissent against the Administration's Viet Nam policies.

Losing the Young. In his private life, Kennedy has also recovered some exuberance. He took time off last week to attend his son Teddy's eighth birthday party—blowing up balloons and directing football games. He appears frequently at Washington parties now, although he generally does not stay long.

No one doubts that Kennedy's national stature remains much diminished. A Gallup poll showed him running behind Maine's Edmund Muskie and former Vice President Hubert Humphrey against Richard Nixon. The traditional Kennedy constituency—made up of the young, women, blacks—were especially disillusioned. His once unassailable power in Massachusetts has continued to slide, though Bay State Republicans probably have no hope of defeating him next year. And it remains possible that the reopening of the Kopechne case will damage him further.

For all that, Kennedy, if not the extraneous he once was, is far from being the abject introvert that he became after Mary Jo Kopechne's death. In a political sense, Kennedy seems to be learning to survive what might have seemed his certain destruction.

TRIALS

The Risk of Mockery

"Drama is anything you can get away with."

—*Revolution for the Hell of It*, by Abbie Hoffman.

In Chicago, the *dramatis personae* include a wizened, erratic and irascible judge who admits that "I am not an altogether modest fellow." The prosecutor is an ambitious young U.S. attorney held over from the Democratic Administration to try eight of the nation's leading radicals on an anti-conspiracy law that may very well be ultimately found unconstitutional. The defendants, who throw kisses at the jury, call the judge a "racist," and fully expect to go to jail, insist that their proper jury is "the peoples of the world." The setting is Richard Daley's Chicago, hungry for vindication but now targeted for the same sort of demonstrations that disrupted the Democratic Convention.

Abbie Hoffman, the Yippie leader and one of the wilder defendants, could probably wish for much zanier touches. In any case, even in its second week, the Chicago "conspiracy" trial was be-



DEFENSE LAWYERS ROBERTS, TIGAR, LEFCOURT & KENNEDY
Overreaction to a breach.

coming a classic American drama of the sixties.

Judge Julius J. Hoffman, 74, arrogated the star's role to himself. With occasionally histrionic flourishes, he has consistently overruled defense motions and objections. When four lawyers who had helped to prepare the defense sent telegrams withdrawing from the case, Judge Hoffman issued bench warrants for their arrest. He ordered two of them—Gerald B. Lefcourt of New York and Michael Tigar of Santa Monica—jailed for contempt. The others—Michael Kennedy of San Francisco and Dennis Roberts of Oakland—obtained a supervening order from a U.S. district judge in San Francisco. Ordinarily, a lawyer appears in court to withdraw from a case; Hoffman was overreacting to a relatively minor breach of courtroom protocol. Although Judge Hoffman later canceled his order, 13 members of the Harvard Law School faculty asked the Illinois Bar Association to investigate his actions. Said the 13: "Judge Hoffman's conduct can only serve to weaken a basic American principle: the right of even the most unpopular defendant to adequate legal representation before an impartial judge."

Grounds for Appeal. Some legal experts believe that Judge Hoffman's behavior has already paved the way for a successful appeal, should the eight be convicted of conspiring to foment riots at the convention. The defense argues that, among other things, the judge failed to question prospective jurors thoroughly to ensure a semblance of impartiality regarding the highly publicized convention disturbances. The jurors—ten women and two men—are mostly middle Americans of middle age.

Another ground for appeal might lie

in an episode last week that resulted in Hoffman's ordering the jury sequestered for the duration of the trial—a matter of three months or longer. Someone sent letters to the homes of two jurors declaring: "We are watching you. The Black Panthers." One assumption was that the Panthers were trying to intimidate jurors because one of their leaders, Bobby Seale, is among the defendants. But since the defense regarded both of the "threatened" jurors as relatively sympathetic, Seale lashed back that the letters had actually been sent by "the FBI and/or other lackey foolish pig agents" in an effort to tamper with the jury. One of the two jurors, a 23-year-old customer's representative, had not even seen the letter; her family had concealed it from her. Hoffman showed it to her in court, then asked if she could still render an impartial verdict. "No," said the girl, who was startled and shaken. The second woman who received the letter claimed that it would not affect her judgment. Defense lawyers, however, argued that Hoffman himself had deprived them of one presumably sympathetic juror by showing her the threatening note.

There were other accusations that Judge Hoffman's conduct precluded a fair trial. The Washington Post's Nicholas von Hoffman, for example, reported that while riding up to the courtroom on an elevator, he overheard the judge declare: "Now we will hear this wild man, Weinglass"—a reference to Defense Attorney Leonard Weinglass.

Many radicals undoubtedly would like to turn the conspiracy trial into a mockery. But so far, says Russell Fairbanks of the Rutgers University Law School, "the court is doing a pretty good job of that themselves."

MASSACHUSETTS

Bad Sign for Nixon

Normally, off-year congressional elections turn on little more than local issues and personalities. These are not normal times, however, and the results of last week's contest for a vacant seat from Massachusetts' Sixth District carried implications far beyond the gritty shoe factories at Lynn or the fishing boats off the gray Gloucester coast.

Both candidates took strong, contrasting stands on national issues, turning the contest into a virtual mini-referendum on the Nixon Administration. The Republican, State Senator William Saltonstall, 42, campaigned almost down the line with the Administration on Viet Nam, the ABM and tax reform. In contrast, Democrat Michael J. Harrington, 33, a state representative, opposed Administration policies, attacking the ABM, calling for total withdrawal from Viet Nam by 1970 and criticizing high military spending.

Although the district had not had a Democratic Congressman since 1877, recent shifts have put power in the hands of independents. Aware of this, both parties poured in major out-of-state support. The Democrats sent in Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Allard Lowenstein. The G.O.P. countered with staff men and professional advice from the national party headquarters in Washington. Senator Edward Brooke returned home to plump for Saltonstall, and Edward Kennedy made radio spots for Harrington.

Other Factors. Harrington won by a margin of 6,500 out of 137,000 votes cast. This was a major defeat for the Nixon Administration, indicating dissatisfaction with its policies, particularly Viet Nam. It was the third G.O.P. House seat lost to the Democrats in special elec-

tions since Nixon took office, and was particularly galling as the seat had been held for 19 years by William H. Bates, ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee and backer of military intervention in Viet Nam.

Saltonstall, son of former Senator and Governor Leverett Saltonstall, had a clear advantage with his famous name, although he was a less engaging campaigner than the somewhat wooden Harrington. But Saltonstall carried his fealty to Nixonian policies to extremes. He also engaged Harrington in two televised debates. This contrasted the Democrat's rapid-fire manner of speech with Saltonstall's inarticulateness.

Harrington, whose father was mayor of Salem, is an outspoken maverick whose independence is equaled by his ambition. Before the election was won, he was already talking of his next target: taking on the popular Ed Brooke for Senator in 1972.

ATLANTA

The Great Hippie Hunt

No major American city has been more eager to prove itself progressive than Atlanta. In eight short years under Mayor Ivan Allen Jr., civic leaders have successfully peeled away the old image of a sleepy Southern town, replacing it with that of a racially enlightened and artistically active city. The transformation has been profitable, luring outside investment and resulting in a phenomenal business expansion.

Atlanta has also acquired other symbols of metropolitan America: a flourishing colony of bearded and dungareed hippie youth and a visible coterie of homosexuals. Since June, police and state solicitor general's agents, with the tacit approval of the city administration and Atlanta's business community, have waged war against these so-called undesirable, treating them as the greatest threat to the city since General Sherman.

The main target is the 1,000 or so hippies who congregate along Peachtree Street, just north of downtown. Atlanta police have stepped up patrols of the area, often stopping and threatening those of unorthodox appearance. Young people are arrested on such specious charges as loitering, jaywalking and obscenity. Shops and homes are raided, ostensibly in search of drugs, but so often that occupants claim they are being harassed.

Police also harry hippie rallies and picket lines and have sprayed protesters indiscriminately with Mace. Two weeks ago, a peaceful rock-music concert disintegrated into a small riot, resulting in some 20 arrests, after a detective reportedly drew his pistol on jeering hippies. A college professor's wife who was trying to calm an enraged cop was clubbed on the head and later handcuffed to a hospital chair for two hours, awaiting six stitches.

One youth, jailed for loitering, spent nine days in solitary confinement recently when he refused to shave off his

WOLFE DAVIS—ATLANTA JOURNAL CONSTITUTION



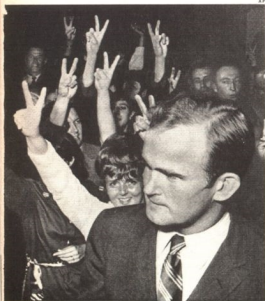
ATLANTA POLICE SUBDUED YOUTH
Highly selective enforcement.

beard and cut his hair. Another youth's 60-day sentence for a minor driving infraction was suspended after he agreed to get a haircut as ordered by the judge—a former barber.

Homosexuals are getting the same rough treatment. Police question strollers in city parks, gathering places for homosexuals. Recently, cops halted cars at night in Piedmont Park and photographed startled occupants for police intelligence files. Solicitor general's agents are also roving photographers these days; raiding a theater showing Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*, they snapped pictures as customers—including a minister—were marched out.

Leather Aardvark. Police zeal for law enforcement has been highly selective. Cops have ignored the crew-cut "straight" toughs who prey on hippies. Seven hippies were recently shotgunned from a moving car and hospitalized, only to have police drag six of them to jail for disturbing the peace. So far, no shooting suspects have been arrested. Last month a hippie cooperative store was fire-bombed. Susie and Ron Jarvis, owners of a craft shop called The Leather Aardvark, claim snipers put 27 bullet holes in the front of their store. When Ron complained to police, he was arrested for shooting back. Says Ron bitterly: "We've got a new nigger in our society, and the way to tell him is by his hair and his beard."

His allusion is ironic in a city that glorifies in its progressive race relations. Business runs Atlanta, and the city's liberal façade is based partly on the precept that good race relations are good for business. Hippie types and homosexuals apparently are not. Charles Weltner, lib-



HARRINGTON
Maverick with ambition.

eral former Congressman, says dryly: "There just ain't no percentage in hippies if you're a businessman."

There was a brief respite last week. Cops eased up because the crackdown publicity was helping Everett Millican in his campaign for mayor against the Establishment candidate. Hippie arrests dropped, but protesting cops staged a slowdown on other offenders as well, while Governor Lester Maddox charged "cowardly politicians" with restricting "the courageous men in blue." Maddox need not worry. Mayor Allen backs the crackdown, and the cops are likely to be unshackled again after primary day.

Arriviste Big City. Some official concern is understandable. The hippies have brought drug peddlers, drifters and other hangers-on in their train; the noisy Piedmont Park homosexuals were disturbing nearby residents. Other cities, however, have had these problems in far more severe form and have dealt with them without infringing on civil liberties. Compared with Northern cities, Atlanta's turned-on scene is mild. There is little panhandling or open lewdness, and the hippie area has become a kind of minor asset as a tourist attraction.

Perhaps Atlanta's overreaction is a reflection of its insecurity as an *arriviste* big city. Recently there have been some encouraging signs of maturity. Letters to the newspapers reflect a growing revulsion at the persecution, and 32 organizations, among them the Atlanta Bar Association, have formed a committee to protest. This followed by several weeks the lead of the Unitarian Universalist Congregation, which demanded "normal, sympathetic police protection regardless of age, dress, appearance, language or individual behavior."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Golda's Odyssey

After their three days of talks with Israeli Premier Golda Meir, Richard Nixon and his aides could only be impressed by her single-mindedness. She came to Washington to seek jets and arms, but not peace through compromise. Outwardly, the Premier is the archetypal, *haimisheh* (homey) Jewish grandma. In fact, as she amply demonstrated on her visit, Golda Meir is among the toughest, ablest and most zealous Zionists who ever lived. She repeatedly discounted all U.S.-Soviet efforts to find a solution to the dangerous Mideast crisis.

Even after leaving Washington for a cross-country odyssey last week, Golda took every opportunity to press Israel's hard line. During a Zionist youth rally at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, she scoffed at those who ask "us to give something to help Nasser. He's been humiliated," she said. "Somehow I just can't bring myself to feel too sympathetic."

Jewish Vote. When a reporter mentioned a rumor that she was going for a medical checkup before returning to Israel, she said: "It's nothing serious. A

touch of cancer here, a little tuberculosis there—you name it." Then she disposed of the rumor with one of her favorite words: "Nonsense!" At a kosher affair for 2,500 held at the Brooklyn Museum, she even did a little campaigning for hard-pressed Mayor John Lindsay, who desperately needs the Jewish vote to win re-election next month. Golda called him "my good friend John," and wished that "I had Mayor Lindsay's eloquence to tell what is in my heart tonight."

From New York, the Premier's El Al Airlines jet (christened by the crew "Golda à Go-Go") winged westward to Los Angeles. At a star-studded formal dinner, Jack Benny explained that he was acting as toastmaster "only because Bob Hope is a gentile." Golda, who is not a moviegoer, was a bit uneasy in the receiving line—unable to quite sort out the Kirk Douglasses from the Rita

by black children wearing paper hats topped by the Star of David. The proud principal presented her with a scrapbook, which included a report card from Goldie's seventh-grade class. The grades were all in the 90s, but the teacher complained that young Goldie was something of a chatterbox.

As the Premier was about to leave the auditorium, the children began to sing—in Hebrew—*Shalom Chaverim* (Peace, Friends). Obviously moved, Mrs. Meir ignored her security guards and plunged into the audience, shaking children's hands and hugging many of them. On the return flight to New York, Golda recalled Milwaukee not so much for her life there, but for what it led to. "That was the city," she said, "where I made the most important decision of my life." That decision was to move to Palestine in 1921. Since then, the establishment of a safe haven for Jewry has been her life's only ambition. As one of her aides put it: "When her husband proposed to her, she made marriage conditional on their moving to Palestine. He promised that they would, but later he wanted to return to America. So she divorced him."

CRIME

To Catch a Cop

For five years, the New Orleans Police Department had been deviled by an exceptionally skillful gang of thieves. Their scores totaled a spectacular \$500,000 in cash and \$1,400,000 in jewels. Their methods were dazzling. In 1966, for example, two members of the gang, masquerading as the crew of an armored car, wheeled up to Schwegmann Bros. Grant supermarket, picked up \$186,000 in cash, gave the manager a receipt and disappeared. Eight days later, burglars chopped through the roof of the Coleman E. Adler & Sons jewelry firm and dropped into the store to spend hours burning open the main vault with acetylene torches. They left with \$1,000,000 worth of jewels.

It was no wonder that the gang was difficult to catch. Last week the dismayed New Orleans police superintendent, Joseph Giarrusso, announced that charges of burglary had been filed against seven policemen and five former cops. Eight more policemen were suspended for refusing to take lie detector tests. It was the nation's worst police scandal of the decade.

Moving cautiously, Giarrusso charged the gang with only 26 burglaries—for a total of \$19,000. But informers connected the police gang with more than 20 other jobs, including the armored car and Adler robberies and thefts in which guests at French Quarter hotels lost \$300,000 in jewels and furs. One of the bandits' advantages, of course, was that they were so well equipped. They evidently used a police traffic-survey helicopter as an overhead lookout to scout escape routes. A warning was flashed by walkie-talkie to the thieves on the ground if any honest cops approached.



MRS. MEIR WITH STUDENTS IN MILWAUKEE
Among the toughest Zionists ever.

Marrows. She realized that film stars and politicians have inflated egos, and that not being recognized is, for them, the crowning insult. Later, TIME Correspondent Leo Janos, who traveled with Mrs. Meir, asked how many of them she had recognized. "Only Robinson," she admitted. "What is it? Edward Robinson. I met him in Israel."

After one day in Los Angeles, Mrs. Meir flew to Milwaukee to visit the Fourth Street School. When Goldie Mabovich was eight years old, her family emigrated from Kiev, Russia, to Milwaukee. The three-story brick school, which she attended for six years, is physically almost unchanged. However, it is now in the center of the city's ghetto, and all the students are black.

They had prepared for two weeks for the visit, and when Golda entered the school's auditorium she was greeted

THE WORLD

WEST GERMANY: OUTCASTS AT THE HELM

BISMARCK barred them from political life, and Kaiser Wilhelm scourged them as an unpatriotic rabble. Konrad Adenauer, who presided over the rebirth of West Germany, dismissed them as unfit to govern, and for years millions of his countrymen agreed. Last week, in the wake of one of the closest elections in the 20-year history of the Federal Republic, the Social Democrats, long the outcasts of German politics, prepared to take power. Unless the coalition carefully pasted together with the Free Democrats suddenly comes unstuck, Willy Brandt will be sworn in as the Chancellor of West Germany on Oct. 21, thus becoming the first Socialist to lead a German government since 1930.

This was an election that could easily have earned Germany new notoriety in the international community. The right-wing National Democrats of Adolf ("Bubi") von Thadden might have won 5% of the national vote and thereby earned the right to sit in the Bundestag (parliament); in that case, fears of re-nascent Nazism would have chilled much of the world. As it turned out, the National Democrats were able to draw only 4.3%. Far from becoming a black mark against West Germany's name, the election turned into what could well prove a historic turning point.

It was Brandt's own daring as much as the actual election results that brought the Socialists to the brink of power. Neither of the two major parties won an outright majority. The long dominant Christian Democrats, who had promised "no experiments," remained the largest par-

ty, with 15.2 million votes or 46.1% of the total—a 1.5% decline from the last election in 1965. The Socialists, who pledged to "Build the Modern Germany," won 14 million votes, increasing their 1965 percentage by 3.4% and capturing 42.7% of the electorate. Ironically, the party that ended up holding the balance of power was the one that had lost the most: the Free Democrats, an unlikely assortment of conservative and far-left liberals, had lost 19 of their 49 seats in the Bundestag, and their share of the total vote dropped from 9.5% in 1965 to a mere 5.8%—just above the 5% required for representation in the Bundestag. After three days of intense negotiations, the Free Democrats, who are led by Walter Scheel, threw their slight but decisive weight behind Brandt. At week's end the onetime outcast of West German politics informed President Gustav Heinemann that he was prepared to form a government in coalition with the Free Democrats and rule the Federal Republic.

Consigned to the Past

It was an auspicious moment for a party that not too long ago seemed irretrievably locked into the role of the opposition, unable to break its blue-collar mold and incapable of attracting much more than one-third of the voters. Throughout the country there was a deep and exciting awareness that a watershed had been reached. After 20 years of uninterrupted rule, Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's Christian Democrats prepared to take their places on the op-

position benches. Said the conservative *Bayern Kurier*: "The political generation of postwar times finally belongs to the past."

Not unlike the Democrats and Republicans, Germany's two major parties share many fundamental beliefs, including a firm commitment to NATO and a desire for British entry into the Common Market. But in style as well as substance, there are important differences. While the Christian Democrats are older and more cautious, the Social Democrats emphasize youth and a flair for innovation. While the Germany of Adenauer, Ludwig Erhard and Kiesinger was a reliable if overly dependent partner of the West, Brandt's Socialists are certain to be more assertive and fluid, especially in foreign relations.

In an effort to ease the tensions that have contorted Central Europe since the end of World War II, they are committed to launch bold new initiatives toward the Soviet Union and its East European allies. At home, the Socialists promised to bring an innovative approach to problems of university reform, youthful unrest and individual rights. Among their first acts is likely to be an upward revaluation of the muscular German mark, probably fixing its price around the 26.5¢ level to which it has floated since it was cut loose from its old 25¢ price the day after the election (see BUSINESS). Also expected swiftly is ratification of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty—a move that could persuade several smaller, weaker countries to sign the document.

A change of power was bound to be



BRANDT AS CHILD



AGE TWELVE



IN NORWEGIAN UNIFORM

beneficial for West Germany. Twenty years in office is a long time for any party, especially in Germany, with its authoritarian heritage. Furthermore, West Germany has lacked an effective political opposition since the Socialists joined Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's Grand Coalition three years ago.

There were also risks. Willy Brandt's partnership with the Free Democrats might prove precarious from a practical standpoint because the Free Democrats are a schizophrenic party. It was formed in 1948, composed largely of business and professional men who found the C.D.U. too "black" or Catholic and the S.P.D. too "red" or socialistic. At first the F.D.P. was dominated by a right wing of nay-sayers—businessmen who thought there was too much welfare spending. Protestants wary of the C.D.U.'s heavy Catholic influence, nationalists who felt Bonn was too pro-American. Scheel belonged to the Free Democrats' younger left wing, and when he took over 21 months ago, he set about transforming party policy from right of the C.D.U. to left of the S.P.D. on a number of important issues. Since there are still conservatives in his party that resent the leftward move, the party could conceivably break apart under the strain of government and leave Brandt stranded without a majority in the Bundestag.

There is some question whether Brandt will make a good Chancellor. Reserved and thin-skinned, Brandt may find the perpetual pummeling that high office brings unbearable. Furthermore, his own past—his illegitimate birth, his "defection" from Nazi Germany and acceptance of Norwegian citizenship—turns many Germans from him. Those very credentials, however, enable him to speak far more candidly about Germany's past than Kiesinger, who had been a Nazi official. As mayor of West

Berlin and later as Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister in the Grand Coalition, Brandt performed admirably. In Berlin, he coolly faced down the Soviets during the 1959 crisis, when Nikita Khrushchev threatened the city's links to the West. As Bonn's foreign policy expert since 1966, he began an *Ostpolitik* diplomacy, seeking new amity with the East that his government is certain to emphasize with new vigor.

Little Coalition

Seldom has such a momentous political change been caused by such a small shift in the vote. As the first returns trickled in, computers forecast that the Christian Democrats would make a strong showing. The outcome seemed so certain that in the early evening President Nixon sent a congratulatory message via the Washington-Bonn "hot-line" teletype to Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger.

Later, as the trend changed by mere fractions of points, the C.D.U.'s lead dwindled until it was left with 242 seats, seven short of a majority in the 496-seat Bundestag. Together, the Socialists with 224 seats and the Free Democrats with 30 held a margin of twelve seats over the C.D.U. Earlier, Brandt had declared that he would need a majority of 13 to 30 seats to put together a coalition with the Free Democrats. The moment he caught a whiff of power, however, he lowered his sights. Surrounded by a dozen close colleagues in Bonn's drab Socialist headquarters, which are aptly called "The Barracks," Brandt announced just before midnight: "I'll do it, even if we have only a majority of two." With that, he telephoned the Free Democrats' Walter Scheel to ask if he were interested in trying to form a coalition.

Brandt offered Scheel the foreign ministry, plus two middle-level posts (interior and agriculture) in the 15-member

J. W. BARCHENCO

HENRY DELO



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' KURT KIESINGER
Assuming an unaccustomed role.

ber Cabinet. Belatedly, the C.D.U. weighed in with an even more generous offer, including both the foreign and finance ministries. Said one Free Democrat: "The C.D.U. is willing to give us everything but the chancellorship." Too late. In a party caucus, the Socialists unanimously voted for the "Little Coalition" with the Free Democrats. With three members abstaining, the Free Democrats also endorsed the union. According to the present schedule, President Heinemann will nominate Brandt as Chancellor on Oct. 19, the Bundestag will vote on the proposal two days later, and if he wins the election, Brandt will be formally installed the same day.

Manfully, the Christian Democrats insisted that it might not be so bad, after all, to play the role of the opposition against a shaky coalition. As the largest party, the Christian Democrats will have a tight grip on the many key committees; they also will be able to delay and block legislation in the Bundesrat (upper house), where they still command a 21-to-20 majority.

Worth the Risk

After an initial period of indecision, Kiesinger decided that he would direct the opposition in the Bundestag himself. But the C.D.U. leaders were also confronted with some fundamental decisions about the party's direction. There will be a chorus of voices, probably led by Bavarian Party Chief Franz-Josef Strauss, favoring a move toward the right to attract those who may desert the defeated National Democrats. There are certain to be strong tugs in the other direction as well to keep the party in the middle of Germany's political spectrum. The Christian Democrats will not only have to resolve those conflicting pressures but also to produce new faces and more attractive ideas. A



LEADING BAVARIAN BAND DURING CAMPAIGN



DANCING WITH WIFE RUTH AT A BALL

promise to preserve the status quo is no longer an appealing platform.

For Brandt, the swift move to snatch the chancellorship from the C.D.U. is obviously the gamble of his career. In the unlikely event that the Free Democrats do not hold to their bargain, his action in hastily forming a government will appear overreager and precipitous. Once in power, he will still face severe problems of operating with a narrow majority. There is also the possibility that the Christian Democrats may try to induce defections among the Free Democrats who belong to the conservative wing of the party. Brandt is betting that the Socialists will do so well in office that even if the Free Democrats should defect after a year or so, he could call new elections and win a substantial margin of seats. In any event, to Brandt it is worth the gamble if it means the Socialists can once again hold the power that has so often eluded them.

German socialism is rooted in the French Revolution, the dialectics of Hegel and the philosophy of Karl Marx, who as a German exile in London took a special interest in the activities of his brethren in the homeland. The party itself was not formally founded, however, until 1869, when the German Workers Party was born in Eisenach.

Power did not come easily to the Socialists. Though they are Germany's oldest political party, until now they have been in power for only two brief periods during the 100 years of their existence. As advocates of internationalism, democracy, a distinct separation between church and state and improved social conditions, the Socialists naturally aroused deep suspicions in the monarchical, clerical, nationalistic Germany of the 19th century. "For me, every Social Democrat is an enemy of the Realm and of the Fatherland," declared Kaiser Wilhelm II. "That party, which dares to attack the foundations of the state, which revolts against religion and does not even stop at the person of the Almighty Ruler, must be crushed."

Instead, the Socialists helped crush the Kaiser by leading the revolution that broke out in the closing days of World War I. When the Weimar Republic was established in 1919, the first government was led by the Socialists, who ruled for two years. It was a dubious honor. Socialist Foreign Minister Hermann Müller was obliged to sign the harsh Versailles Treaty, putting the onus of Germany's defeat on the party that many nationalists already blamed for stabbing the country in the back by calling for the overthrow of the mon-

archy while the war was still going on.

In 1928, another Socialist-led government took power. But Germany, beset by inflation and plagued by increasing political violence, proved ungovernable. After the Socialists resigned over cuts in unemployment insurance in 1930, the Weimar Republic fell increasingly under the power of the Socialists' enemies—the brown-shirted Nazis of Adolf Hitler.

Street Fighter

The rivalry between the Nazis and Socialists spilled over into bloody street battles that erupted all over Germany. In the Baltic seaport of Lübeck, the Nazis met a tough opponent in a husky, square-jawed youth named Herbert Karl Frahm, a member of the Socialist youth club.



JULIUS LEBER AWAITING SENTENCE IN BERLIN (1944)

Death for a political father.

The son of an unmarried shopgirl whose lover had deserted her before the child's birth, Herbert Karl and his mother lived as boarders in the home of a chauffeur whose own wife had little patience with the child. Perhaps to compensate for his unhappy circumstances, the boy excelled at school, winning a scholarship to the Lübeck gymnasium, and developed an abiding interest in politics. Because of his lower-class origins, his inclination was instinctively socialist. "Social responsibility and a sense of justice are probably rooted more deeply when they are based on personal experience," he once said. He soon attracted the attention of one of Germany's most influential Socialists, Julius Leber, who represented Lübeck in the Reichstag. Leber encouraged the gifted youngster to write articles for the local party newspaper, which he did under the pen name Willy Brandt. As Brandt later wrote: "I had grown up without a father; there was an emptiness in my life. Leber filled it."

In 1933, only a few days after Hitler

had seized power, Julius Leber was beaten by Nazi storm troopers and put under arrest. His young protégé helped organize a protest rally. Then, in danger of arrest by the newly formed Gestapo (secret police), the 19-year-old youngster hopped aboard a fishing boat in Lübeck and made his way to Norway. When the Germans invaded Norway in 1940, Brandt put on a Norwegian soldier's uniform in an attempt to evade detection by the Gestapo, who would have arrested him for his resistance connections. The ruse worked, and after a four-week internment as a prisoner of war, Brandt was released as harmless. He quickly made his way by auto and foot across Norway to neutral Sweden, where he later was joined by his Norwegian wife, Karlota. While in Stockholm, Brandt learned that Julius Leber had been executed as one of the conspirators in the plot to kill Hitler and end the war.

The Other Germans

After Germany's defeat, Brandt, who by then had become a Norwegian citizen, returned to his shattered former homeland to cover the war-crime trials at Nürnberg for Scandinavian papers. While reporting on the trials, Brandt wrote a thoughtful book entitled *Criminals and Other Germans*, in which he pointed out that while the guilty Nazis should be punished, there also were decent Germans who could be counted on to build a democratic nation.

In late 1946, Brandt arrived in Berlin as a Norwegian major assigned to liaison work with the Four Power Control Commission that was run by Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the U.S. As a member of the occupying force, Brandt enjoyed privileges and comforts of the victors, but he felt a growing obligation toward Germany.

A major influence on him was Ernst Reuter, a Socialist professor who had returned from exile in Turkey. Reuter was leading the struggle in Berlin against Russian attempts to force the Socialists to join the Communists in a single party. At the end of 1947, Brandt became a German citizen again, explaining to his Scandinavian friends: "It is better to be the only democrat in Germany than one of many in Norway or another country where everyone understands democracy."

As the rivalry between the U.S. and Russia deepened, Berlin, 110 miles behind the Iron Curtain, became the principal tension point. As an aide to Reuter, who had been elected mayor, Brandt was in the front trench of the Cold War. In 1949, after the Allied airlift and the resistance of West Berliners had forced the Soviets to lift their 332-day blockade of the city, Brandt became West Berlin's representative to Bonn, where a new West German government was being formed. Though the Socialists felt they deserved to lead the new Germany, they won only 29.2%

Big, strong and stylish. This is the way it's going to be.

Looks like a whole lot of designers got caught looking. Again.

While they were building their traditional "big cars," we were building the most luxurious Pontiac Bonneville ever. (So luxurious our upholstery has been attacked as unfair competition.)

We were also proving, once and for all, that being big is no excuse for being clumsy. With a new 455 V-8, firm suspension, Wide-Track stance.

Now, isn't that the way you want luxury to be? It is. At your Pontiac dealer's.

□ Pontiac's new Bonneville



(We take the fun of driving seriously.)

GM
A DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division.

Here's a little idea worth



about \$1 billion a year

There are over 60,000 computers revolutionizing data processing in the U.S. today. In an average year's operation, they'll spew out a stack of paper thousands of miles high.

At a cost of billions of dollars. For the paper, for the handling and for the time.

Cut down on the paper, and that cost could be cut dramatically.

How? By a unique information processing system developed by Stromberg DatagraphiX, Inc., a General Dynamics subsidiary. We call it DatagraphiX Micromation. It's microfilm photography from a very special cathode ray tube called the CHARACTRON. Hitch a DatagraphiX printer to a computer, and it will print the computer output onto microfilm at speeds up to 120,000 characters a second, 115,000 pages per eight-hour day. Our desk-top inquiry stations then can retrieve and display selected information at the push of a button. DatagraphiX Micromation is more than 10 times faster than conventional computer impact printing and reduces the cost of paper supplies alone as much as 87%.

DatagraphiX systems are saving money and speeding up data handling for insurance companies, banks, retailers, manufacturers, airlines and major U.S. government agencies, among others.



Printer photographs computer data onto microfilm

They're revolutionizing the revolution in data processing.

It's just one example of what technology can accomplish when it's handed a problem.

At General Dynamics, we put technology to work solving problems from the bottom of the sea to outer space...and a good bit in between.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

of the vote in the first national election. As a result, the newly formed Christian Democratic Union, led by Konrad Adenauer, came to power with the margin of a single vote in the Bundestag.

Adenauer's Christian Democrats steered West Germany into a close alliance with the West and presided over the great economic boom—the *Wirtschaftswunder*—that brought unparalleled prosperity to the country. The Socialists meanwhile remained locked in the "30% ghetto," unable to broaden their support beyond workers and left-wing intellectuals. The Socialists' leader, Dr. Kurt Schumacher, was strangely out of tune with the political realities of West Germany. He favored neutrality at a time when West Germans wanted the Western Allies to protect them from the Russians; he called for a tightly controlled economy at a time when Germany was just emerging from the tightly centralized direction of the Nazi period. At a time of great social flux, Schumacher retained the party's unfortunate old image of proletarians who were not *salonfähig*—fit to be brought into the salon.

Dumping Marx

Willy Brandt also felt locked into a more personal ghetto. Though the Socialists ruled West Berlin, the fact that he was not a native Berliner handicapped his rise within the party. As he turned 40, Brandt was an extremely frustrated man. Then, in the course of one night in 1956, Brandt became the hero of West Berlin. The occasion was a protest rally in West Berlin against the Soviet suppression of Hungary. A crowd of nearly 100,000 West Berliners was headed toward the Soviet sector of Berlin at Brandenburg Gate, crying "Russians, get out!" Brandt commandeered a sound truck and managed to divert most of the marchers to the memorial for the victims of Communist tyranny, far back from the sector borders. But even as Brandt addressed the crowd, word came that a small breakaway group had pushed through police lines near the gate and was advancing toward the East German guards. Rushing to the scene, Brandt averted a certain blood bath by persuading the column to turn back. His plucky courage impressed even the self-assured Berliners, to whom he suddenly became "unser Willy"—our Willy. The following year Brandt was elected governing mayor of West Berlin.

Brandt's victory coincided with a changing mood within the Socialist Party in West Germany. Restless Socialists, less interested in rigid dogmas than a chance to get into the parlor, demanded a change. Under the guidance of Herbert Wehner, an irascible former Communist who is the party's chief strategist, the Socialists at a crucial meeting at Bad Godesberg in 1959 dumped their Marxist ballast and sought to transform themselves from a party of the workers into one of the people. Instead of the old dogma about class warfare and the rule of the proletariat, the Socialists endorsed a

mixed economy, the profit motive, parliamentary democracy and a close military alliance with the West. They even settled their old feud with the church. "Socialism," proclaimed the Bad Godesberg platform, "is not a substitute for religion."

Brandt became the standard-bearer for the revitalized party. In the 1961 elections, he waged a U.S.-style campaign, stomping the country and pumping hands, that raised the S.P.D. share of the vote to 36.2%. In 1965, the Socialists' showing rose to 39.3%, but the C.D.U. remained in power under Ludwig Erhard as Chancellor. It was Brandt's second straight defeat, and once again his party had failed to break through the 40% barrier. Discouraged, Brandt went into a personal decline, marked by long



SCHIEL WITH WIFE & STEPDAUGHTER
Winning while losing.

periods of introspection. Observers revived his old nickname, "Weinbrand Willy," because of his liking for brandy. During this period he collected a series of essays under the title *Draussen* (Outside). He had no idea how close he was to the inside.

In late 1966, in a protest against tax hikes, the Free Democrats suddenly resigned as partners in Erhard's coalition Cabinet. For five weeks, West Germany drifted without an effective government, while Socialist Strategist Wehner pondered a dilemma: Should the S.P.D., out of power for 36 years, seek a coalition with the unpredictable Free Democrats and risk making a mess of things? Or should it bide its time and join a C.D.U.-led Grand Coalition to show voters that they were capable of governing the country? Wehner chose the second course, and the experiment turned out to be a success.

In the Grand Coalition, the nine Socialist Ministers (out of 19) were the stars of the government. Socialist Economics Minister Karl Schiller guided West Germany out of its economic slump; Trans-

portation Minister Georg Leber (no relation to Julius) began unclogging West Germany's *Autobahnen* by forcing freight off the roads and back onto the deficit-ridden rails. Foreign Minister Brandt conducted an imaginative eastward-looking policy. Meanwhile the Free Democrats were moving away from conservative policies and closer to those of the Socialists. Last March, Socialist and Free Democrat members of the Bundestag joined forces to elect Gustav Heinemann as the first Socialist head of state in the 20-year history of the Federal Republic. It was a harbinger of things to come.

The Free Democrats' Scheel began to consider the possibility of a more lasting alliance with the Socialists. Engaging and affable ("I'm a court jester, just a king's fool"), Scheel is nonetheless considered to be a skillful politician, who, as Foreign Minister, will bring a light and sensitive touch to German diplomacy.

Metaphysical Lederhosen

Last week's pattern of voting buttressed the Socialists' optimism. In a country whose population is steadily growing younger, increasingly affluent and more urbanized, they outdrew the Christian Democrats handily among first-time voters, well-paid workers and city dwellers. They made inroads into the Catholic vote and the female vote, two blocs usually overwhelmingly loyal to the C.D.U. In the Bonn area, the Socialists scored an 8.6% increase, a testimonial that the government employees like to work for them.

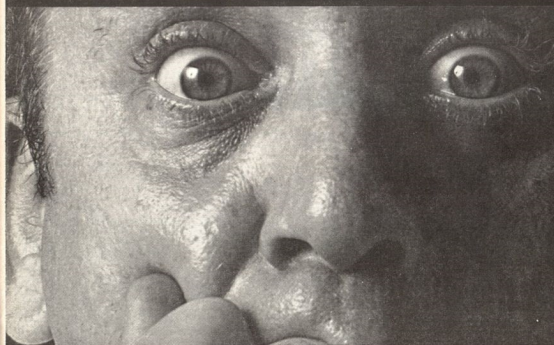
Much of the credit for the electoral gains belongs to the team around Brandt (see box, page 32). In pre-election polls, Brandt trailed both Kiesinger and his own Economics Minister Karl Schiller, who emerged as West Germany's popular politician. But Socialist publicists wisely played up the theme, "we have the right men."

A striking feature of Brandt's team is its relative youth in a land where "Opa"—grandpa—was long presumed to know best. Ever since the trauma of the Nazi atrocities and World War II, Germans have shouldered a heavy burden of guilt—their "cartel of anxiety," as they refer to it. But today, two-thirds of the men and half of the women among West Germany's 61 million people are under 40 and had little or nothing to do with the war. If many of them are "Hitler's children," born during his rule, the Führer would surely disown them. They are painfully aware of their country's Nazi past; two years ago, a public opinion poll showed that 60% of those between the ages of 16 and 29 would rather live in another country.

A similar poll conducted today might show that many more would be willing to stay at home and work at changing the country. To be sure, there are free love communes in West Berlin, pot-smokers and hippies in most large cities, but the mood of the young is, by and large, activist. Significantly, Nobel prize-

Bekins introduces a new incentive plan for moving men:

F.E.A.R.



F.E.A.R. (Free Expression of Appreciation or Revenge) is an extension of the golden rule—you do unto him like he did unto you.

After we've moved you, we send you a F.E.A.R. card. On which you can express yourself freely about your move.

If a Bekins man barks at your dog, complain. If the eggs you left in the refrigerator arrive intact, congratulate us.

The F.E.A.R. card returns straight to our management. We keep a highly active file on every

Bekins man.

If he's good, we let him know. If he's not, we tell him to get better. Fast.

In case you think we're a rotten bunch to work for, we should tell you that our men don't agree.

After all, they're professionals. We give them the toughest training in the business.

But if, in spite of this, one of us fails you, you can now get swift and personal revenge.

A Bekins man has nothing to fear but F.E.A.R. itself.

WE'RE IN THE YELLOW PAGES.

winning Novelist Hermann Hesse no longer exerts a strong pull on young West Germans. To them, Hesse's romantic mystique of the outsider and his preoccupation with passive Oriental philosophies has about it what British Critic D. J. Enright calls "the smell of metaphysical *Lederhosen*." Hesse's appeal is largely to those racked by uncertainty and disillusion, which explains his vogue on U.S. campuses and, in the early postwar period, among Germany's youth.

Opinion surveys show that the majority of students are willing to accept the existence of East Germany as a separate state and to write off the territory beyond the Oder-Neisse line. German students have a deep revulsion to any-

thing that reminds them of Hitler—and that sometimes includes their own parents. At the same time, students who only a few years ago looked to the U.S. as a model are now somewhat disenchanting, largely because of the Viet Nam war and U.S. racial disturbances. German students are also strongly antimilitaristic, a fact that will probably prompt the Socialists to cut the tour of duty for draftees from 18 months to 15; at present, 200,000 German youths between 19 and 24 are conscripted each year.

Old habits do not vanish overnight, however, and discipline is still next to godliness in the eyes of many Germans. According to one well-known barb, Germans obey the law because

it's against the law not to do so. Yet there are signs that even in Germany, discipline is giving way to what Sociologist Ralf Dahrendorf, who also happens to be the Free Democrats' leading thinker, calls "the individual search for happiness by people freed of the fetters of tradition and thrown into the affluent society." Writes Dahrendorf in *Society and Democracy in Germany*:

"Discipline, orderliness, subservience, cleanliness, industriousness, precision, and all the other virtues ascribed by many to the Germans as an echo of past splendor have already given way to a much less rigid set of values, among which economic success, a high income, the holiday trip, and the new car play a much larger part than the virtues of the past. Younger people especially display little of the much praised and much scorned respect for authority, and less of the disciplined virtues that for their fathers were individually sacred. A world of highly individual values has emerged, which puts the experienced happiness of the individual in first place and increasingly lets the so-called whole slip from sight."

The Newest Wave

At the same time, more and more Germans seem willing to take an active role in shaping their surroundings. Emulating the questioning, self-critical approach of youth, Germans are beginning to examine their institutions and seek to run them. Parents, once the silent partners of the German Parent-Teacher Associations, demand a voice in how the schools are run. Churchgoers want a say in the allocation of the vast West German church tax resources and even in the selection of priests and higher church officials. Journalists seek the right to participate in the shaping of editorial policy. Germany finally seems to be developing what Novelist Günter Grass calls "voter initiative," a long step toward developing a true participatory democracy.

Recently the Germans have also begun to take a much more objective view of themselves. In the 1950s, according to opinion surveys, only 32% of them felt that their country alone was responsible for the war; now fully 62% believe that the blame was Germany's, a view more in line with the opinion of the rest of the world. In the 1950s, a majority of Germans felt that their image abroad was bad because foreigners were envious of Germany; now they concede that it might be because Germans have some negative characteristics and still have an abominable past to live down.

Even more striking perhaps than the restless mood of youth and the gradual erosion of traditional authority is that enduring wonder, the German economy, which continues to pour forth much of the world's most sought after goods. There are more jobs than workers to fill them. Unemployment in West Germany is a scant one-half of 1% in a labor force

The Men Around Brandt



SCHILLER



WEHNER



SCHMIDT

AS a campaigner, Willy Brandt relied heavily on the Socialist team that devised the party's successful strategy. As Chancellor, Brandt is expected to employ their talents just as fully. Key members of the team:

► Karl Schiller, 58, a former economics professor at Hamburg University. Schiller snapped West Germany out of its first serious economic slump in 1966 with his *soziale Symmetrie*, a mixed economy combining features of the British welfare state with U.S. free enterprise. A shrewd campaigner who can explain complicated fiscal matters in a way everyone can grasp, Schiller might be considered for the chancellorship some day, despite his diminutive, unprepossessing appearance. Schiller is particularly pleased at having outfoxed the Christian Democrats, who opposed mark revaluation, by convincing housewives that a higher-priced mark would increase their buying power.

► Herbert Wehner, 63, the ex-Communist who masterminded the party's strategy. A terrible-tempered, pipe-smoking father figure, Wehner exercises absolute control over the ideological direction of the party. He will be Brandt's most influential adviser, and is likely to

retain the Cabinet post of Minister for All-German Affairs that he held in the Grand Coalition.

► Helmut Schmidt, 50, the party vice chairman who has served for the past two years as the floor leader in the Bundestag. Because of the problems involved in operating with a slim majority, Schmidt may remain parliamentary leader. But he is also a candidate for the Defense Ministry, a field in which he has developed considerable expertise.

► Horst Ehmke, 42, a former law professor who took over as Justice Minister last July when the former incumbent, Gustav Heinemann, was elected Federal President. A levelheaded liberal, Ehmke is expected to continue in Justice, pressing for a complete revision of Germany's outmoded legal code and sex laws.

► Klaus Schütz, 43, the governing mayor of West Berlin who often does the exploratory spadework when Brandt wants to break new ground. Early last June, Schütz was welcomed as an official guest in Poland, which is now the prime candidate for new diplomatic overtures from Bonn. Schütz will either stay in Berlin or become a key aide to Brandt in Bonn.

Lincoln Continental for 1970. New dimensions in luxury, size, spaciousness. Still every inch a Continental.

For 1970, America's most distinguished motorcar introduces a new measure of room and luxury.

The new Lincoln Continental is unusual among luxury cars; the rear seat is as roomy as the front seat. The ride is smoother and more substantial because the wheelbase is longer and the stance is wider.

Power front disc brakes are standard. And you may wish to consider Sure-Track, the remarkable new

computer-controlled anti-skid braking system.

Flow-Thru, a new ventilation system, circulates fresh air through the car even with the windows closed.

Yet for all its advances, Lincoln Continental retains the uniquely individual qualities that have always distinguished this car from all other luxury cars.

For 1970, the altogether new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.



LINCOLN · MERCURY



RCA proudly presents

Computer Crafted Color



RCA harnesses the speed and accuracy of the computer to bring you important advancements in color television.

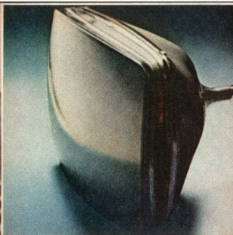
The 1970 RCA color TV you've been waiting for. Better color. More solid state dependability. Features that even the pioneering engineers of RCA couldn't have brought you as soon as they did without computers.

Computer Crafted means more dependable features faster. Computers work millions of times faster than men. And work more accurately. So RCA engineers use computers often to help solve design problems. Result: in a number of cases, computers have cut considerable time out of color TV development schedules. To bring you more dependable features faster.

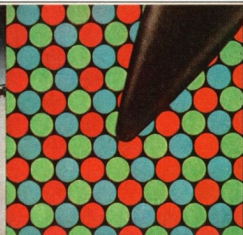
Computer Crafted means higher standards of quality. For a new RCA standard of quality, RCA uses computers to test and inspect a number of vital color TV elements. This means greater assurance of more consistent performance. Less likelihood of repairs.

RCA doesn't think anyone should want to wait another year for color TV. That's why RCA proudly presents Computer Crafted Color.





The new Hi-LITE '70 Picture Tube. Computer-designed and engineered for 100% more brightness than any other big screen picture tube ever from RCA.*



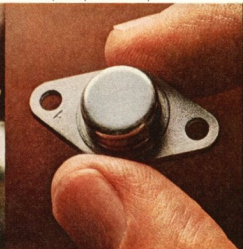
The Hi-LITE '70 Screen. Computers specify the position of its 1,200,000 color targets exactly. RCA's new black matrix surrounds each one. Helps keep colors sharp.



Hi-LITE '70's Secret Weapon—a computer-designed electron gun system. Shoots 36,000,000 beams-per-second through its shadow mask with unbelievable accuracy.



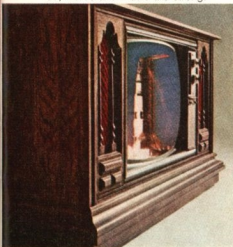
For better sound in our 16" diagonal-screen portable color TV, RCA designed the Audio Module with a computer-tested integrated circuit. So, words and music are strong.



For bright, vivid color in Trans Vista® models, RCA designed "The Little Monster." It boosts beam current to deliver a bonus of picture power.



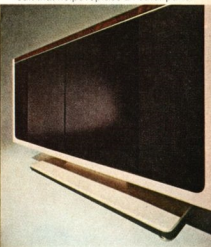
For the most accurate, compact, dependable Automatic Fine Tuning† in RCA's history—this tiny workhorse—a computer-tested integrated circuit that helps replace 24 other parts.



Trans Vista® Color Television. Beautiful cabinetry. Advanced, natural color. A bonus of picture power. And solid-state dependability (only one tube rectifier).



An RCA First. The first 16" diagonal-screen portable color TV with Automatic Fine Tuning. It has a computer-tested integrated circuit for greater reliability.



"The Two Thousand." RCA's greatest color creation. Its magical tuner with remote controls works like a computer. And its advanced styling belongs to the year 2,000.

Simulated TV reception on models shown above.

*Available in selected Trans Vista® models. †RCA's Automatic Fine Tuning is available in most models.

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

**Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark.
Measure your bourbon against it.**

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.



of 26.3 million, and 1,400,000 foreign workers, mostly from the Mediterranean countries, have been imported.

As befits Teutonic efficiency, West Germans enjoy the world's most perfect color TV, and some of the most incisive documentaries shown anywhere. In the past few years, however, the German literary scene has become less lively. Günter Grass's latest book, *Örtlich Betäubt* (roughly translated as *Locally Anesthetized*) is only a faint echo of *Tin Drum*; Uwe Johnson and Helmut Kirst have not published for several years. It may be that the wartime themes, the grist for German novels for the past 25 years, are beginning to pale. The best-received plays come from Vienna's experimental theaters. But the Stuttgart Ballet may be the world's most exciting dance group, and the German classical theater and opera remain first-rate.

In each successive phase in Germany's postwar development, the country has been seized by a different craze. First the hungry Germans gorged themselves in the *Fresswelle* (eating wave), then took to wheels in the *Vespa-welle* (motor-scooter wave) that was followed by the *Autowelle* (auto buying). Next came the *Wohnungswelle* (home buying) and *Reisewelle* (traveling). Now Germans are inundated by the *Sexwelle*.

Naked girls adorn just about every magazine cover. Under the guise of adult sex education, film makers are cranking out movies with such titles as *Your Wife, the Unknown Creature*, in which live models demonstrate an astonishing variety of positions for intercourse, while a narrator (naturally a *Herr Doktor*) supplies clinical comments. Beate Uhse's sex boutiques in eleven cities offer all manner of sexual paraphernalia. Complains one Austrian, who deplores the Germanic lack of spontaneity: "There is a certain plodding quality in the German approach to sex. Boom. Boom. Boom. Now we have discovered sex and we will conquer it." Some Germans claim to see in the *Sexwelle* a new desire for Germany to place individual happiness ahead of duty to state or community.

Priorities and Policies

In this atmosphere, Brandt will seek to prove—even more conclusively than it was proved in the Grand Coalition—that his Socialists are eminently *regierungsfähig*, or able to govern.

And what of Brandt's own ability? He hardly fits the old stereotype of the superefficient German. Though he usually struggles into his office by 9:00 a.m., he hates to get up and must be handled gingerly until he has had coffee and the first of the 40 or so Attache cigarillos he smokes each day. "The man is useless until noon," says one of his aides. A night creature, Brandt grows more animated as the hour grows later.

During the campaign, his early-afternoon speeches were wooden and bro-

ken; by 4 p.m., they were more coherent but still lacked vibrance; by 8, he was witty and forceful, holding the audience in his spell while tossing off withering asides to hostile hecklers. After that, while throwing back glasses of Benedictine and brandy, he often talked with local politicians and swapped political jokes with newsmen until 3 a.m. One of Brandt's favorites: After the Soviet-Czechoslovak summit confrontation at Cierna last summer, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev turns to Premier Aleksei Kosygin and asks: "Did you see that beautiful watch Svoboda was wearing?" "No," replies Kosygin. "Let me see it."

Brandt has been attacked by conservatives for the permissive attitude



HIPPIES IN MUNICH
A deep aversion to Adolf.

he and his second wife Rut show toward their two hippie sons. Peter, 21, was arrested last year for participation in a riot, sentenced to a \$50 fine and a four-week suspended jail term. Lars, 18, whose blond hair almost reaches his shoulders, said last week that even though he considers himself a member of A.P.O. (the far-left Anti-Parliamentary Opposition), he favored his father's coalition. But he expressed serious reservations about having to move from the Brandt home in Venusberg to Bonn's Palais Schaumburg, the residence of German Chancellors.

Vater Brandt has no such reservations. Once in the Palais, he can be expected to deal immediately with mark revaluation and the signing of the nuclear non-proliferation pact (which Kiesinger resisted on the ground that it could leave Germany at a disadvantage in peaceful nuclear research). Brandt's main task

will be to look eastward. He and Scheel are agreed on an approach to East Germany, which the Christian Democrats preferred to pretend did not exist. In hopes of easing the economic lot of the people in the East, Brandt aims to stop short of full diplomatic recognition but to seek closer travel and communications links and trade opportunities with the East Germans.

Brandt also harbors grander schemes for Europe that would break down the barriers between the East and West blocs. While some critics feel he is overly optimistic, he wants to accept the Soviet proposal for a European security conference, provided the U.S. would be invited to attend. He would be prepared to renounce Germany's claim to its lost territories that comprise some 40,000 square miles in Poland, in order to wind up the business left over from World War II.

Soviet Considerations

The question is, would the other side cooperate? The Soviets were rooting for a Brandt victory as the lesser of two evils in the election, and *Izvestia* called him "more realistic on certain foreign policy questions." Perhaps they might sign a mutually attractive trade deal or grant Lufthansa landing rights in Russia. But so far, it seems unlikely that the collective leadership of Brezhnev and Kosygin would agree to any far-reaching accommodation with West Germany. One reason the Soviets moved against Czechoslovakia was that Brandt had opened negotiations in Prague that might have led to diplomatic relations and German investments in Czechoslovak industry. Soviet diplomats subsequently warned Brandt's aides that they do not want the Germans poking around in Eastern Europe. Still, Brandt is not likely to give up easily. For years the Soviets have unfairly castigated West Germany as a haven of unrepentant Nazis. It is a charge Brandt and the West Germany that helped bring him to power are both singularly well qualified to refute.

Brandt's administration means, in fact, a new era in which the power in West Germany has largely passed to the untainted Germans—those who were too young to be accomplices in Hitler's crimes. When Brandt cries, "Twenty years is enough!", it is not so much a plea for abolition as a reminder that a new generation is arriving and should not be condemned in advance.

The Germany of this new generation will be somewhat different and perhaps a bit difficult for its old allies. Yet it may well be a Germany that is far more attractive than any of the earlier generations were able to make. In one of Helmut Kirst's novels about World War II, a German soldier in Russia expresses the hope that maybe some day there may even be a Germany that is fun to live in. With luck, Brandt's Germany could be that place.

SWEDEN

Hot Soup from Olof

Sweden last week chose a Social Democrat as leader, right in step with the West Germans. But Sweden's Social Democrats have been in power for 37 years, save for a 100-day lapse in 1936, and their new Prime Minister is 13 years younger, and somewhat livelier, than is Willy Brandt. As Minister of Communications, Olof Palme helped steer the country from left- to right-hand traffic in 1967. According to his critics, that was the only time Olof has moved away from the left since he started shaving. Conservatives in his own country call him a renegade from his class. Staid politicians elsewhere in Scandinavia consider him too impulsive. Many Americans resent his bitter criticism of the Viet Nam war. Now all will be hearing a lot more of the outspoken, provocative Palme. Last week, at the age of 42, Palme was named to succeed veteran Prime Minister Tage Erlander, 68, as head of Sweden's ruling Social Democratic Party. Next week King Gustaf VI Adolf will formally name him the nation's new Prime Minister. He will be the youngest head of government in Europe.

Erlander, who has led Sweden for nearly a quarter of a century, is a splendid father image—tall, shambling and folksy. Palme (pronounced *Pal-muh*), who is Erlander's protégé, is something else. The son of a wealthy, conservative Stockholm family, he was educated in an exclusive prep school, served two years in a cavalry regiment, and in 1947-48 spent what he recalls as "an absolutely wonderful year" at Ohio's Kenyon College, majoring in political science and economics and earning a bachelor's degree.

After winning his law degree, Palme

went to work as Erlander's secretary and speechwriter. He also married Lisbeth Beck-Friis, a child psychologist and leading feminist who shares his upper-class background (she renounced her title of baroness). Elected to the Riksdag in 1956, he proved brilliant, energetic and devastating in parliamentary debate. Palme began to soar politically, won Cabinet rank in 1963, became Minister of Communications in 1965, and two years later took the education portfolio. He has long since become Swedish television's favorite Cabinet personality. He even played a role—strictly political—in *I Am Curious* (Yellow).

That stirred a controversy, but it was nothing compared with the uproar that followed his February 1968 march through Stockholm's streets shoulder to shoulder with the North Vietnamese ambassador to Moscow, during a torchlight parade protesting U.S. involvement in the Viet Nam war. In a speech to the protesters, Palme claimed that democracy in Viet Nam was "represented in a considerably higher degree by the National Liberation Front than by the U.S. and its allied juntas." Swedes in general oppose the war, but the manner of Palme's gesture blew up a storm. Conservative Swedes were furious (red), and the American ambassador was summoned home for "consultations." No successor has yet been named. Later, Palme adopted a low silhouette; realizing that Erlander was contemplating quitting and that the top job was within reach, he cut back on his TV exposure, tidied up his once sloppy style of dress, even tamed his cowlick.

The Sweden Palme inherits is a booming nation of 7,950,000, whose per capita income (\$3,040 in 1967) is second only to the U.S. (with \$4,040). Financed by the world's highest taxes, the Swedish welfare system is paying out hand-

somely and the economy is thriving. Palme disclaims any intention of making drastic changes. "I've got no ambition to stir things up," he said. "But this is not a millpond. It's a society with a lot of problems ahead." With general elections coming up next year, Palme almost certainly will maneuver cautiously at first. Implying that Palme in power would be more cautious than Palme in pursuit of power, he quoted an old proverb: "The soup will not be eaten as hot as it's cooked."

Over the long run, however, his goals are clear. "Social Democratic policy has been constantly turned toward the left," he said last week. Sweden has just announced a \$40 million loan to North Viet Nam and granted asylum to eleven more antiwar G.I.s, bringing the total now in Sweden to more than 300. In economic policy, while young Social Democratic radicals are now calling for bank nationalization, Palme is keeping his options open. In effect, he disclaims any intention of serving up scalding soup, but it might be just a bit warmer than before.

BRITAIN

Applicants, Not Suppliers

Inside a cavernous recreation center at the seaside resort of Brighton, not far from the seedy boardwalk game booths, members of Britain's battered Labor Party last week unofficially launched their campaign for the country's next elections. No date for the balloting has even been set. Prime Minister Harold Wilson can call an election at any time within the next 18 months, and might do so as early as next spring. Nonetheless, Labor, at what could well be its last annual conference before the voting, was off and running. And despite the party's current lack of popularity, no one in Labor was willing to settle for less than a fight to the end.

In one of his most effective speeches, Wilson spoke of "a Britain full of life and vigor and achievement" after his five years in office. He promised better times to come and compared the Tories to poor-mouthing "Victorian undertakers welcoming a wet winter and the promise of a full churchyard." Labor delegates, who have sat on their hands after some of Harold's sorrier speeches, gave him a two-minute standing ovation, and even the independent *Times* of London acknowledged his speech as "one of the best in recent years by any party leader."

Deep Misgivings. One reason for the party's good cheer was the recent news that Britain's balance of payments, for the first time in seven years, showed a \$115 million surplus during the first half of this year. Since the effects of the 1967 devaluation of the pound are just starting to be felt in export orders, Britain probably has a good chance of extending its boomlet so long as world trade maintains its current brisk pace. Wilson, however, must still contend with deep national misgivings about his rec-



PALME & HANOI AMBASSADOR IN 1968 TORCHLIGHT PARADE
Conservatives were furious (red).

This is a test.



You're offered a smoke.

You say, "No thanks.

Don't use them."

You pass part one.

You can honestly say you haven't
had a cigarette in at least a year.

You pass part two.

And you may be able to save yourself
some money on new life insurance as a result.

You just have to know the right insurance company:
State Mutual of America. The only major insurance
company in the country that offers reduced rates to
people who don't smoke cigarettes, with our non-
cigarette smoker plan.

Your State Mutual representative can tell you exactly
how much you'll save. But it may be as much as five per cent
off our regular whole life premium. Considering our low net cost,
you're going to be piling savings on savings. (And naturally, the
more coverage you buy, the more you save.)

You can smoke a pipe or cigars, and still be eligible.

You can save money for your company, too, on business insurance
situations with this plan.

So if you passed the test, pass on the news. To your State Mutual
representative. And get what you deserve.



STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA

Worcester, Mass. 01605. Investing over \$3 million each week in American enterprise.

A MEMBER OF

The America Group

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • WORCESTER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARANTEE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • CITIZENS
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN VARIABLE ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • BEACON MUTUAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • AMERICAN SELECT RISK INSURANCE COMPANY

PLAN THE AMERICA WAY



WILSON AT LABOR PARTY CONFERENCE
This time, no cap in hand.

ord and even deeper bitterness among trade unions, whose leaders showed up at the conference as determined as ever to fight his wage restrictions. But for the moment, at least, the party at large was content to hear his heartening news and his stirring speech.

Thus buoyed, Wilson went on to speak confidently on what is likely to become a hotly contested issue of the campaign—British entry into Europe's six-nation Common Market. "If they, the Six, are ready for negotiations to begin, we are ready," he said. "We no longer face the challenge of Europe cap in hand."

Cocky Attitude. Wilson's truculent "you-need-us-more-than-we-need-you" approach to the Market reflected growing public opposition to entry. A public-opinion poll published recently by the *Daily Express* showed that over half (54%) the voting-age population opposed Market membership and that only 30% was for it. Wilson's cocky attitude was clearly designed to inform the voters—and the Six—that he will not kowtow for a Common Market berth. Moreover, Conservative Leader Ted Heath, long a supporter of membership, responded to the same national feeling by declaring: "It must be absolutely clear that the problems can be resolved before we have a negotiation."

Britain's new anti-Market mood was disappointing to EEC members. In 1961 and 1967, London submitted earnest, almost desperate applications for membership, only to see them unceremoniously vetoed by Charles de Gaulle. When the general was replaced last June by a French government more sympathetic to British entry, the Common Market ministers quickly began studying the possibility of reopening negotiations with Britain and three other applicants (Ireland, Norway and Denmark).

Twin Evils. Britain's popular opposition stems overwhelmingly from a fear of rising prices. Because of substantial agricultural subsidies, food prices in the

Market countries are higher than Britain's. A pound of butter costing 40¢ in Britain sells for \$1 in Common Market nations, and beef prices are 25% higher in the six member nations.

The cost-of-living argument, however, overlooks a more important index—the standard of living, which in Britain is sagging relative to that of the faster-growing Common Market countries. Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart, who addressed Labor journalists covering the Brighton conference, strongly emphasized that point. Britain, he said, is still anxious to enjoy Market membership so as to stimulate export trade, gain access to a guaranteed market and improve technological cooperation. At the same time, he stressed, "we are resolute applicants, we are in no sense suppliants."

Nevertheless, Labor delegates were in no mood to send Wilson into negotiations with a completely free hand. After approving a weak though generally pro-Market resolution, they passed a second measure demanding safeguards for Britain's cost of living, social security and independence in economic planning—as well as public disclosure of negotiation results. Wilson is in no way bound to abide by the resolution, but it clearly placed a political speed limit on the hopes of those who advocate quick British entry.

SOVIET UNION Postscript to Babi Yar

Everything screams in silence.
—Evgeny Evtushenko, *Babi Yar*

In 36 bloody hours at Babi Yar, a deep ravine outside Kiev, Hitler's special commandos 28 years ago last week coldly machine-gunned 34,000 Jews. The massacre has become a symbol not only of Nazi persecution but also of the status of the Soviet Union's 3,000,000 Jews, who are discriminated against in most areas of Soviet life. Soviet his-

tories all but ignore the tragedy. Only a simple stone marks the grass-covered site, and it says simply that "victims of fascism" lie below. The Jewish identity of the victims was not even mentioned at the anniversary ceremonies that the state grudgingly began conducting last year, the better to control the groups of Jewish mourners who had been gathering annually at Babi Yar.

Very Much Alive. At last year's carefully sanitized rites, the official speaker took the occasion to rail against Israel. Among those upset by the performance was a 33-year-old radio engineer named Boris Kochubiyevesky. He protested: "Here lies a part of the Jewish people." When a bystander said, "Too bad they didn't get the rest," Kochubiyevesky (whose parents died with the other Kiev Jews in 1941) began arguing with him. At one point, he complained that because he was a Jew "no one in this country considers me a fellow Russian." Kochubiyevesky should have limited himself to a silent scream. For his comments he was denounced, arrested, and tried last May for spreading "Zionist propaganda." A partial transcript of his trial, recently smuggled to the West, shows that anti-Semitism is very much alive in the Soviet Union.

Kochubiyevesky had felt its sting before. Early in 1968, he was hounded out of his job at a Kiev radio factory because he had dared to defend Israel during a political lecture. When he applied for an exit visa to Israel, his non-Jewish wife was expelled from the Young Communist League for "Zionism" and disowned by her father, a KGB security police officer. Just before Kochubiyevesky was to get his emigration papers, he was arrested for "slandering fabrications against the Soviet state."

Court Exchange. The trial was something out of Kafka. The prosecutor ridiculed him for having said that "Jews are oppressed here," yet there was ample evidence of that in the province court at Kiev, where Ukrainian anti-



SITE OF THE 1941 MASSACRE
All but ignored.

We carry your shipments to 24,999 other places, too!

Greyhound Package Express serves more places than you can imagine...over 25,000 of them—large and small, in 48 states. And we love small shipments. Can we drop something off for you? It's there in hours and costs you less when you ship by GPX.



GREYHOUND PACKAGE EXPRESS
Dept. 70-J, 10 S. Riverside Plaza, Chicago, Ill. 60606
Gentlemen: Please send me full information on Greyhound
Package Express service...including rates and routes.
I understand that my company assumes no cost or obligation.

NAME _____ TITLE _____
COMPANY _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GPX
GREYHOUND PACKAGE EXPRESS

The "fat time of day:" that's any time you overeat. Sugar's instant energy can slip you past.

*"I think of sugar
as extra willpower."*



The "fat time of day" is when you're really hungry and ready to eat, and eat, and eat.

The message is coming from your turned-up appetat*.

You can turn it down shortly before mealtime by snacking on something sweet.

The sugar in a soft drink, a couple of cookies, or a candy bar turns into energy in minutes.

By cutting your appetite and increasing your energy, sugar helps slip you past the "fat time of day" the sweetest way possible. :

*Sugar... only 18 calories per teaspoon,
and it's all energy.*

*"A neural center in the hypothalamus
believed to regulate appetite."—
Webster's Third New International Dictionary.



Busy holidays coming up?
Handy new recipe booklet,
"Desserts by the Clock,"
fits fixing time to
your time. Send 10¢ for
postage and handling.

Sugar Information

Dept. G., P. O. Box 2064, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017

Semitism runs deep. When Kochubevsky's brother tried to get in, a guard barred him, shouting "You're no brother, you're a kike, a kike, a kike!" The judge made no effort to discourage hooting and mocking among the spectators, many of them KGB men and local party hacks. He chided Kochubevsky's wife, who was nine months pregnant, for having married a Jew, and advised her to "find yourself another husband."

Nothing better illustrates the tenor of the trial than the following exchange, in which the prosecutor "proved" that anti-Semitism "cannot exist in our country":

Prosecutor: Do you know against whom we fought?

Kochubevsky: The Nazis.

Prosecutor: And for what were we fighting? For Freedom?

Kochubevsky: Yes.

Prosecutor: Did we win?

Kochubevsky: Yes.

Prosecutor: So you see, it means we do have freedom.

Kochubevsky, in his final, futile statement, was repeatedly interrupted by the judge's orders to "desist from engaging in anti-Soviet propaganda." Concluded the engineer: "I am convinced that this trial will explain much." Kochubevsky's sentence: three years at hard labor.

CHINA

Peking Puzzles

There he was, apparently hale, saying nothing but acknowledging with a wave the cheers of the 500,000 celebrators jammed into Peking's Tienanmen Square for Communist China's 20th anniversary. To the solemn strains of *The East Is Red*, Chairman Mao Tse-tung made his first public appearance in 41 months, confounding reports from Moscow that he had suffered a serious stroke. Japanese newsmen and British diplomats emphasized that, at 75, he seemed in excellent health. For the time being, that put to rest doubts about whether Mao was still around—except among Moscow sources, who insist that he has at least two doubles.

Aside from Mao's materialization at Tienanmen (the Gate of Heavenly Peace), what most intrigued China experts was the evidence, coming from both Peking and Moscow, that a fresh effort to heal the Sino-Soviet rift might be under way. Not once during his 15-minute keynote speech did Defense Minister Lin Biao, Mao's heir apparent, specifically denounce the Soviets by name. Instead of damning the "Soviet revisionist renegade clique," he restricted himself to the euphemism "social-imperialism." To be sure, he stressed China's military might, but the emphasis was defensive. "On the vast land of China, wherever you go," he warned possible invaders, "there will be your burial ground." Lin made no mention of the fact that China had set off its first underground nuclear explosion and tested a hydrogen bomb in the atmosphere just before the anniversary.



MAO AT GATE OF HEAVENLY PEACE
Nothing certain.

For their part, the Russians put out even more conspicuous signals. Moscow's message congratulating the Chinese on the Oct. 1 anniversary of Mao's takeover, longer and more positive than last year's, stressed the need to negotiate differences. Sino-Soviet trade talks were under way in Moscow—though analysts were quick to point out that these talks have been held annually, even in the worst periods of Sino-Soviet tension. There were other signs as well. Two hundred thousand copies of a stinging anti-Mao broadside were withdrawn a day after they went on sale in Moscow; a check of bookstores in the capital indicated that all other anti-China books had also been quietly removed. A Yugoslav press report, originating in Moscow, said that both Soviet and Chinese troops were withdrawing from forward positions along their common Far East border.

If there was uncertainty about Sino-Soviet problems, there was an equal amount of speculation over what seemed to be a shift in Mao's relationship to China's army. Peking usually describes the army as having been "founded and led personally" by Mao and "directly commanded by Vice Chairman Lin." Now, however, the phrase has been changed to state that the army is "commanded directly by Chairman Mao" and Lin. To outsiders, that seemed an absurdly small clue, but changes of this sort are not made absentmindedly in Peking; analysts believe that Mao is attempting to underscore the party's control of the army. One reason may be to counter speculation in the West that the army has been running everything in China as a result of the chaos caused by Mao's cultural revolution.

A further puzzle was the absence from the celebration of those Politburo members who are headquartered outside Peking. Did continuing unrest in the provinces keep them close to home? Nobody was sure—and that is perhaps the

most striking thing about Communist China as it begins its third decade. Though it is the world's most populous nation, it has drawn so tight a curtain around itself that virtually nothing of its present policies, personnel and problems is known for certain.

End to the Void

For more than two years, Anthony Grey's world was a 12-ft.-sq. white-washed room in Peking. He lived in a void: no one spoke to him and, except for three brief calls by British diplomats, no one was permitted to visit him. Outside the open door of his room stood an armed guard, and others ringed the walled compound of the house. Last week, after 26 months of mind-numbing confinement, the Chinese government suddenly released Grey, a 30-year-old correspondent for Britain's Reuters wire service.

Grey was originally confined without charges in July 1967. It was Peking's retribution for the arrest and later imprisonment of eight Communist Chinese newsmen by the Hong Kong government following Maoist riots in the British colony. After the eight were freed, Peking announced that Grey would not be freed until 13 more Communist newspaper and news-agency employees were released from jail in the crown colony. The Hong Kong government refused to bow to such blackmail. The men served most of their sentences, and last week, the 13th was finally released. Soon afterward, Grey was taken to the British legation in Peking for a few days of rest before returning to Britain.

FOREIGN AID

At Crisis Point

The storms that forever rage over foreign aid have all but obscured the fact that it is a relatively recent and radical experiment in international cooperation. Only for a couple of decades have the world's richer nations observed a general commitment to help the more than 100 less developed countries that embrace two-thirds of mankind. The results have been mixed, but there have been enough signs of success to merit strong support for the experiment. Yet after a year-long study sponsored by the World Bank, an eight-member commission headed by former Canadian Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson warned in Washington last week that foreign aid is at "a point of crisis."

In both the have and have-not camps, says the Pearson report, the aid climate is "heavy with disillusion and distrust," partly because "instant development" has proved illusory, partly because economic improvement has not always been "an antidote to violence," partly because the wealthier countries are turning to problems of their own.

A Poor Seventh. The crisis is reflected in the figures. Economic assistance rose steadily through the 1950s, but after 1967, when it reached a peak of \$7 billion, it began receding. Last

year the total dipped to \$6.9 billion—while worldwide arms spending neared \$150 billion. Japan, Australia and Switzerland have increased their contribution; Germany, Canada, The Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries plan to do so soon. But there have been cutbacks in Belgium, Italy, Britain—and the U.S. which still dispenses almost as much aid as all the other countries combined.

Congress has slashed foreign aid to the lowest level in two decades. With only \$3.3 billion, or .38% of its gross national product devoted to aid, the U.S. ranks a poor seventh in effort, though it remains far in front in total flow of aid (see chart). Because businessmen are proving more venturesome than bureaucrats, the worldwide decline in aid has been more than offset by rising private investment. The trouble is that private capital goes mainly to countries

"aids the U.S.A.," suggesting the use of assistance as a political tool.

Such an approach does not always pay off, at least not to the degree of the postwar Marshall Plan in Europe. "Aid for development," says the Pearson report, "does not usually buy dependable friends." Then why give at all? On the simplest level, the report stated, "it is only right for those who have to share with those who have not." Then again, the report notes, "we live in a village world," where concern with problems at home and abroad is becoming "a political and social imperative." Strongest of all is the pragmatic argument that aid-fostered development will help increase world trade, to the benefit of rich and poor nations alike.

Both the Pearson report and a recent study by the Manhattan-based Committee for Economic Development recommend that much more aid be chan-

TIME ESSAY

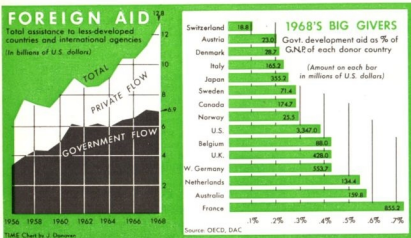
ON first visiting Southeast Asia, a reporter, or any other designated VIP, usually undergoes a ritual of purification. Arriving at the Hawaii headquarters of the Commander in Chief Pacific Forces, he is led to a closely guarded building. Within its cavernous, arctic-cool auditorium, he is guided to a leather swivel chair bearing a plaque with his name. On a table is a plump leather notebook full of blank paper awaiting his use. Standing in front of him, as august as an altar, is a divided projection screen. Above the screen, a row of clocks record the time in distant parts of the world. Then bedecked officers march briskly front and center to a lectern, there to deliver, like preachers, resonant, reassuring explications of the U.S. military role in Asia. The visitor, like a churchgoer, may be awed. But he is more likely to be bored, and to feel that he has not learned much he did not know before.

But then that may be the unadmitted purpose of the CINCPAC briefing. Like all similar productions sponsored by the military, it is more a reaffirmation of faith than a revelation of fact. Such is the notoriety of the presentation that some reportorial wits rate briefings on a scale: CINCPAC equals zero. Not that many other briefings rank much higher; correspondents in Viet Nam, for example, long ago dubbed their daily briefings in Saigon the "5 O'Clock (now 4:30) Follies." To the press, military briefings have become more show than substance—a bewildering mélange of abbreviations and acronyms, of charts, maps, slides and the ubiquitous collapsible pointer that briefers wave in military rhythm. All that is missing from this mixed-media presentation is a rock background, and maybe the reason is that no one has thought of it yet.

To Make a Case

The theoretical purpose of a briefing is to convey necessary information in as concise and clear a manner as possible. As the sheer volume of information has multiplied, it has become essential to provide those who need to know with comprehensible summaries. Not just the military, but much of the Federal Government and many big corporations use the briefing as a convenient tool to make a case or sell a product. Nowhere, though, has it become more a way of life than in the U.S. armed forces; the military has subjected the briefing form to all the spit and polish of a full-dress parade. Simplification, indeed oversimplification, has been ritualized, and the military sometimes gives the impression of enjoying the ritual more than its purpose, which is to communicate.

The Viet Nam war, in particular, has exposed the weaknesses of the brief-



rich in oil and minerals, where help is not urgently needed.

Though government aid accounts for only 2% of the underdeveloped world's income, its influence is often decisive. Aid finances perhaps 10% of the total investment in third-world countries; in countries such as Pakistan, Jordan, Korea, India and Tunisia, it provides as much as half.

Ransom Notes. So far, the money has been moving on what the Pearson report calls a somewhat sloppy "trial and error" basis. The have-nots have made an art of what aid experts call the "ransom note" approach (hinting that they will warm up to Moscow, say, if the U.S. starts getting stingy). The haves play "puppetry" with the strings they attach to aid deals (the U.S., for example requires aid recipients to oppose the seating of Red China in the U.N.).

The Pearson recommendations have long been awaited, especially by the Nixon Administration. In his campaign, Nixon seemed to hint at a further cutback, stressing that "we are spread far too thin in too many countries." He has also said that he likes aid that

neled through multilateral agencies like the World Bank; only 10% flows through such bodies at present. Another Pearson recommendation is that countries increase their aid to seven-tenths of one percent of their gross national product in five years. In the U.S., that would mean an annual foreign aid outlay of \$8 billion by 1975. Even if Nixon seconded that motion, which is virtually unthinkable, there is no chance that Congress would go along.

Plainly, it would be a mistake to let the momentum of aid slip further. Over the past few years, 41 poor countries have managed to achieve yearly growth rates of 2% or better in per-capita income, despite sharp population increases. Pearson's goal is a growth rate of 6% throughout the next decade, and "self-sustaining" expansion for most of the underdeveloped countries by the year 2000. If the report's proposed aid increases are adopted, and if population growth can be held down—two enormous ifs—they might make it. If not, Pearson's "village world" may be an even more dangerous place in which to live than it is today.

BRIEFINGS: A RITUAL OF NONCOMMUNICATION

ing ritual. The requirement of brevity means that briefers must rely heavily on hard facts and statistics, even when dealing with subjects that defy quantification. Time and again, military briefers in Viet Nam have "proved" that the war was being won with the help of impressive "body counts" of enemy dead that were impossible to verify, let alone dispute. With the aid of computers, U.S. officials were equally sanguine about stating to the decimal point how many villages were "secure" in Viet Nam. Such was the faith in the quantity of weaponry unloaded on the Communists that military briefers would confidently announce in detail the damage that had been done, when in fact they had no way of knowing for sure. Passed on to higher headquarters, summaries of misleading summaries contributed to the deepening U.S. military involvement in Viet Nam. As described in the current issue of the *Atlantic* by former Under Secretary of the Air Force Townsend Hoopes, Dean Acheson told Lyndon Johnson to his face that he had been consistently misinformed by "canned briefings" from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

No Departure

A saying in Viet Nam is that there are only two ways to make general: by fighting or by briefing. It is no secret that General Earle Wheeler owed his elevation to Army Chief of Staff partly to the fact that he impressed President Kennedy with his skill as a briefer. Without exception, an officer is briefed before he goes on a mission and debriefed after it. Base commanders take great pride in showing off their briefing rooms and their graphics departments, which turn out an unending stream of impressive audio-visual aids. "When we briefed General Westmoreland," recalls one officer in Viet Nam, "we knew that we must fill at least 30 minutes even if the information did not require it. So we made our charts more complicated, our graphs more detailed. It all took up time." But it has impressed the South Vietnamese, who have become as adept as their allies at briefing. On this front, at least, the U.S. can be confident of withdrawing without a South Vietnamese collapse.

As in any ritual, the military briefer is not supposed to depart from traditional practice. His performance is frequently inspected as closely as his uniform for flaws. He must speak in a neutral, colorless voice that nonetheless conveys enthusiasm. He must not stumble in his grammar or pronunciation; ambitious junior officers understandably devote many idle hours to perfecting their delivery. A briefing may begin with a comment intended to jolt the audience into paying attention, or at least

staying awake. It might, for example, start with the statement: "We have won the war in Viet Nam." Or, depending on the audience and the need for additions to the military budget: "We are losing the war in Viet Nam." If the briefer is in the Air Force, he makes three points—no more, no less. If he has only two, then he must contrive a third.

While giving his briefing, the speaker is often scrutinized by a superior officer, who will dress him down if he does not finish on time, loses eye contact with his audience, or uses slang. Strong men tapped to be briefers for top brass have been known to tremble or vomit before performing, as if they were going into combat. Had he lived to see them, Philosopher William James might have found a new moral equivalent of war in briefings. The same kind of detailed planning goes into them, the same energy; and casualties could be reckoned in terms of those briefed to death.

Military briefings are meant to be not only as dramatic as possible but redolent with knowing jargon. One of the more ingenious examples of the craft takes place on a windswept crag overlooking the Demilitarized Zone in Korea. For the benefit of important visitors, a demonstration of enemy tactics is staged by G.I.s. Playing the part of North Koreans, they slip up to some barbed wire surrounded by mock-up mines. One G.I. snips the wire with a captured enemy wire cutter, thus demonstrating how North Koreans make sneak attacks on U.S. and South Korean patrols. During the show, the briefing officer may say something like "Toc says a Katusa came to OP Mazie with a signal from Cincunc at Uncmac." Translation: "Tactical Operations Center says a Korean attached to the U.S. Army came to Observation Post Mazie with a message from the Commander in Chief of the United Nations Command at United Nations Command Military Assistance Commission."

How to Say It

Experience has shown that the best, meaning the most informative, briefings are delivered not by trained professionals in the art but by men who simply know their business. In Saigon this year, a group of visiting U.S. businessmen was growing visibly restless in the course of a lavish briefing. Sensing their discomfort, General Creighton Abrams broke in to start talking informally about the war; although he said nothing new, his familiarity with the reality of war brought the meeting to life. The lesson is that personal communication is better than canned chatter.

It is probably too much to expect that the military could return to the casual, off-the-cuff talk as a substitute for

the prepared briefing. To begin with, the Army would no doubt have as much trouble disposing of all its audio-visual gadgets as it has dumping its excess nerve gas. More of them, unfortunately, are yet to come. The services have begun purchasing a new computer that briefs automatically without the aid of human voice or hand. At the push of a button, curtains part to reveal a screen, and the show goes on. When it ends, the computer closes the curtains and turns on the lights in the auditorium.

That kind of McLuhanesque gadget might seem to be the ultimate in efficiency, but its acceptance by the military epitomizes the failure of briefings.

TOP STORY FOR TIME



"NOW ALL TURN TO PAGE 2,
WHERE DICK AND JANE DISCOVER..."

Even without benefit of computer, the armed-services style of communication has become a ritual recitation of memorized details, a reduction of experience to a set of quantifiable data. The supposedly hard fact has been glorified; the untidy, elusive concept has been smudged into a supposedly measurable statistic.

As perfected by the armed forces, the briefing creates a perfect, Platonic world—insular and self-contained, impervious to facts or thoughts that might spoil the symmetry. Every prospective doubt is silenced with a persuasive number—and Americans are peculiarly prone to believe that figures, from batting averages to traffic fatalities, never lie. Yet when facts are thrust together in an arbitrary manner, they can be more misleading than an outright lie. Military briefers are, of course, instructed not to lie, and for the most part, they do not; the problem is that the gritty reality of truth too often escapes the ritual of presentation.

PEOPLE

While posing for photographers in Chiswick, England, the happy couple gazed fondly down on their newborn son Carlo. But the mother, Actress **Vanessa Redgrave**, made it clear that there was one thing the future did not include: her marriage to the boy's father, Italian Actor **Franco Nero**. The free-spirited star of *The Loves of Isadora* had said, when she announced her pregnancy in April, that she had no plans to marry Nero ("I don't think marriage would make me a very nice person to live with"). Carlo's birth has made Vanessa no less adamant. "I doubt very much if we will get married," she said last week.

They threw stones at Nixon and spat at Rockefeller, but the huge crowds that turned out for the touring Apollo 11 astronauts in Latin America last week demonstrated unrestrained adoration. In Mexico City, Bogotá, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, women and children crowded into the streets simply to touch **Neil Armstrong**, **Buzz Aldrin** and **Mike Collins**, or to tear off pieces of their clothing as souvenirs. "You are supermen," said an Argentine admirer in broken English as he shook Armstrong's outstretched hand. "No," answered Armstrong in Spanish, "we are common men."

In his years as a TV star, he kept the censors working overtime, cutting out his gamy wisecracks. Now just past his 74th birthday, **Groucho Marx** is still demonstrating an undiminished capacity for the leering remark. "Would you pull your skirt down?" he asked a coed at a college film seminar in Los Angeles. "It's very distracting, even at my age." Then Groucho called the students' attention to a scene in his 1935 movie *A Night at the Opera*. As con man **Otis B. Driftwood**, he was carrying **Margaret Dumont's** luggage up a gangplank. "Have you got everything, Otis?" she asked. "I haven't had any complaints yet," he boasted. "That line," said Groucho, with obvious pride, "was cut out of the movie in virtually every state in the Union."

White Hunter **Patrick Hemingway** of Kenya, visiting the Soviet Union for the Ninth International Congress of Game Management, was astonished to find that his name made him the center of attention. "I never thought my father was so popular in Russia," Patrick said, as reporters and their interpreters queued up. "I'd like to know whether it was because of his talent as a writer or his human qualities." Young Hemingway, whose motto is "to shoot, to write, and to tell the truth," was taken hunting by his hosts, and missed a long shot at a big elk. But the Russians found Patrick's literary tastes right on



VANESSA & FAMILY
Natural birth.

target. Though he reads and enjoys his father's works (his favorites: *Green Hills of Africa* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*), he confessed that his favorite writer is Turgenev.

As photographers focused their cameras on the monstrous bulge above his boxing trunks, ex-Heavyweight Champion **Ingemar Johansson** shook his head ruefully and admitted that "118 kilos [259.6 lbs., on a 6-ft. frame] is not precisely fighting weight." Still, reporters had vivid memories of the "thunder and lightning" right hand that flattened



INGEMAR JOHANSSON
Unnatural growth.

Floyd Patterson in 1959, and they suppressed their laughter when Ingo, 37, announced that he may try a comeback. Addicted to the good life even in his prime, and a problem drinker in the years since, he claims that he has now given up smorgasbord and women—he was recently divorced from his wife—and is back in rigorous training. "Three training bouts to shake off the rust," said Ingo, "and I wouldn't be afraid to meet the world's champion."

"It's been a rather shaking night," the soprano quipped after singing the third act of *La Bohème* under somewhat unusual circumstances. First there was that rumbling noise backstage at the San Francisco Opera House. "I looked around, thinking maybe they had turned on the wind machine," **Dorothy Kirsten** recalled. "I was sort of dizzy and the floor was shaking. I was so engrossed, I didn't know what was happening." What was happening was a strong earthquake—5.6 on the Richter scale—the bay area's biggest jolt in twelve years. A few of the less courageous and persevering opera devotees headed for the exits, but most stayed on to hear the diva finish with the phrase *addio senza rancore* (goodbye without regret). "We never missed a note," said Dorothy proudly, "but I kept thinking about those last words in the aria."

Beset as they are by snarled traffic and chaotic driving conditions, the citizens of Rome could scarcely believe the words uttered at Leonardo da Vinci Airport by the visiting dignitary. "The U.S. hopes to be able to benefit," said U.S. Secretary of Transportation **John A. Volpe**, "from Italy's well-known achievements in the field of transportation, and to cooperate in attacking the problems of rapid urban transportation." In Italy to call on the Pope and to visit his parents' birthplace at Pescara, Volpe had an embarrassing admission to make when he turned up half an hour late for a subsequent briefing session with reporters. He had been caught in a Roman traffic jam.

Testifying before a House Post Office subcommittee in Washington, the silver-haired Senator urged a crackdown on the "smut peddlers" who send pornography through the mails to children. Despite "wishy-washy" court definitions of obscenity, said **Barry Goldwater**, "As a father and a grandfather, I know, by golly, what is obscene and what isn't." That same evening the Senator effectively dispelled any notions that he might be a prude. At a National Aviation Club reception in his honor, Pilot Goldwater fondly recalled his recent 2,100-m.p.h. flight at the controls of Lockheed's superjet, the SR-71. "I like airplanes and aviation," he said. "They're like sex, and I'll be after them as long as I can."



It sounds a lot better than it looks.

There's more to beautiful stereo than meets the eye. After all, it's what you hear that really counts.

And what you hear depends on what goes inside.

Like our new FM tuner that pulls in the weakest stations clearly, switches automatically from monaural to stereo when you switch stations, and contains the easiest slide and push-

button controls.

And our new amplifier that gives you a full 200 watts of EIA rated power so you don't lose any high or low sound levels.

And the Dual 1019 automatic turntable with the Pickering magnetic cartridge for smooth, distortion-free sound.

And our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound so you don't have to sit in one

spot to get the full stereo effect.

We put all these good things in because we think a great stereo should sound a lot better than it looks.

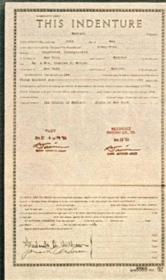
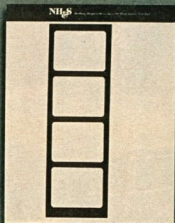
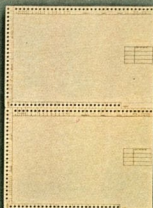
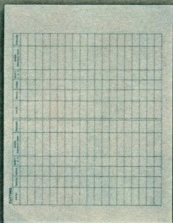
And even though you can't see it, it's nice to know that the stuff inside is even more beautiful than the package.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

We can't show you everything Xerox



machines can copy on. But this is a start.



If all this looks like it came out of a typical office supply closet, don't be surprised. It did.

Xerox machines don't require special, chemically-treated paper. Which means you can feed them other kinds of paper.

Your letterhead. Pre-printed forms. Card stock. Colored stock. Work-order sheets.

You can even make transparencies for overhead projectors.

(Transparencies aren't paper, strictly speaking. But this just shows you what some Xerox machines can do.)

Nobody can know exactly what kinds of paper you're likely to use, but wouldn't you prefer a machine that handles lots of different kinds of paper around the office?

We only know one kind that does.

XEROX





Something to believe in.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



Announcing the 1970 Buicks.

They're something to believe in.

Because they're built with product integrity—traditional craftsmanship and care.

The 1970 Riviera has variable ratio power steering and power brakes as standard equipment. Plus a cooling system that should never overheat. And a new carburetor time modulated choke control (a Buick exclusive) for fast starts in any weather.

We build our cars with product integrity because we want them to be something to believe in.

They always have been.

They always will be.

Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

1970 Buick.

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Rekindling the Cause

Though calm prevailed on most of the nation's campuses last week, student activists were hard at work. The work was directed toward making a success of "Moratorium Day," a massive nationwide antiwar protest scheduled for Oct. 15 (see THE NATION). The day is supposed to be marked by class boycotts, mass rallies, teach-ins, the distribution of leaflets and doorbell ringing to mobilize both town and gown sentiment for ending the Viet Nam war. A two-day demonstration is scheduled to follow on Nov. 14-15, with one day of protest added each successive month—an ambitious effort to build up a nationwide strike.

The movement is directed from the crammed Washington offices of the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee, which was organized over the summer by Sam Brown, 26, a former McCarthy campaign aide. Mainly a "goading agency," Brown's committee has left specific tactics to each of the 700 or so local campus chapters that have joined the movement so far. Many campus administrators were still undecided last week about how best to cope with the call for a moratorium.

Among the responses:

- The University of North Carolina will regard any disruption of classes on Oct. 15 as a violation of school policy. Faculty members will be allowed to participate in the antiwar protest activities on their own time "so long as participation does not conflict with the performance of validly assigned duties."
- Rutgers' President Mason W. Gross,

who also heads the American Council on Education, promised to suspend all classes, and will conduct a discussion with students on the Viet Nam war.

► The University of Pennsylvania will be open on Moratorium Day, but teachers are free to call off their classes and students may decide whether to attend "as their consciences dictate."

► Columbia University's governing senate authorized students and faculty to join in the Oct. 15 activities "without penalty or prejudice," and issued a call for the immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Viet Nam.

► Berkeley took no official stance for or against. Moratorium sympathizers mobilized a wide segment of the political spectrum in their community, from McCarthyites to various radical groups. The Women for Peace will toll church bells all day long to commemorate the war dead; others are planning vigils at draft boards and induction centers. Speakers invited to address a mass rally include Coretta King, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Wayne Morse. The Berkeley City Council voted 5 to 4 to support the goals of the moratorium but decided against closing down city hall.

► San Francisco State's embattled President S. I. Hayakawa pondered an answer to a call by his teachers' union to suspend classes Oct. 15 "so that the entire college community can actively participate in the antiwar action planned for that day."

► Cornell's new president, Dale R. Corson, picked chiefly for his popularity with students and faculty, left it up to individual professors whether to hold classes. The boycott proposal has already been endorsed by the departments of psychology, chemistry and Romance studies, and moratorium organizers lined up a leading war critic, Republican Senator Charles Goodell of New York, as the speaker at a peace rally.

► The University of Kansas decided to approve any "peaceful protest," but the divided organizers could not agree on how to make use of their mandate. Side-walks in the prairie town of Lawrence were chalked with "Oct. 15" and "Stop . . . Oct. 15" signs.

► Amherst College, whose official policy allows great freedom to express antiwar sentiments, produced a broadly based coalition planning a door-to-door canvass and rally in downtown Amherst. Several local clergymen promised to speak about the forthcoming event from the pulpit, and some merchants will demonstrate by shutting down their stores one hour early.

Moratorium Day is shaping up as a test of strength for antiwar feeling in the academic community. If the boycott succeeds, it may reveal whether the colleges can carry with them important segments of the population in demanding a speedy conclusion to the Viet Nam war.

Spirit of '73

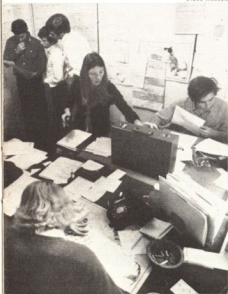
It has become a truism that each new class of college freshmen is more radical, more tuned in, turned on and dropped out than the last. How about the class of 1973? Last week TIME correspondents sought the answer in random interviews with 130 freshmen on 14 representative campuses.* If their views accurately reflect the general freshman mood this fall, the truism holds firm for '73.

One out of every three freshmen said that he believes the U.S. needs some sort of revolution, and one out of five described himself as either a radical or a revolutionary. More than half believe that U.S. foreign policy is imperialistic. Two out of three think that business is too concerned with profit, three out of four that U.S. society is racist, four out of five that politics is dominated by string-pulling special-interest groups. A substantial minority believe that U.S. society is more repressive today than it was two years ago, and a majority think that a period of greater repression lies ahead.

Pessimistic About Peace. On the No. 1 campus issue, Viet Nam, more than half rejected even the possibility that the U.S. role in the war could be moral. Almost half advocated the immediate unilateral withdrawal of American forces. As a group, the freshmen were extremely pessimistic about the chances of an early peace: 94% said

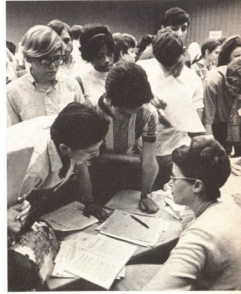
* University of Alabama, University of California (Berkeley), California Institute of Technology, Duke University, Harvard, University of Kansas, Miami-Dade Junior College, University of Michigan, Morehouse College, University of Notre Dame, Oberlin College, Smith College, University of Texas (Austin) and Wayne State University.

STEVE HANSEN



ORGANIZING MORATORIUM IN CAMBRIDGE
Town and gown against the Viet Nam war.

BOB BAILEY



FRESHMEN REGISTERING AT MIAMI-DADE
No cause for euphoria.

How INA is working

Jack McWilliams was a professional nurseryman till a fall from a tree put him in the hospital. The diagnosis was a fractured spine. In all probability, he'd be paralyzed for life.

Jack was insured by Insurance Company of North America. And a candidate for INA's innovative rehabilitation program called MEND.

As soon as possible after the accident, we had medical, rehabilitation, and training specialists start his treatment. If they had been located in another part of the country we would have flown the patient to them.

We didn't do all this with Jack's blessing. In the beginning that's what worried us most: his retreat into himself. But we didn't stop the physical treatment; we just worked harder on the psychological aspects.

At the same time, we had one of INA's specially trained MEND nurses begin looking after Jack and his family.



to mend lives.

She arranged for INA to advance the money Mrs. McWilliams needed for essential expenses. She helped them over the emotional strain by sharing with them the confidence we had in Jack's ability to return to a useful life.

By the end of the first month, INA started him on a vigorous program of physical therapy. We had special devices made for his hands to help him care for himself.

After a year of therapy, Jack McWilliams' treatment isn't finished yet.

He needs special nursing care at home, and INA's still working with him. But emotionally we've seen him and his family come a long way. He's recently opened a kennel specializing in the breeding and training of Irish setters.

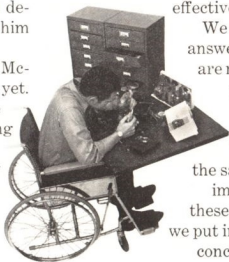
Had it been necessary, INA would have seen to it that Jack McWilliams had as much vocational training as he needed to earn his own way in society.

That's how we've already helped more than 8,000 disabled people.

As a rehabilitation concept, though, MEND goes still further. Recently we created the INA MEND Institute where creative research is helping us learn how to make rehabilitation in the future broader and more effective.

We don't have the answers yet. But we are not quitting on problems that need to be solved.

We're putting the same effort and imagination into these problems that we put into the MEND concept in the first place. That's how INA works to help people.



IMAGINATION

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

Life Insurance Company of North America, Pacific Employers Group, 16th and Parkway, Phila., Pa. 19101

Medico 2 1/4" filters do it

give pleasure and peace of mind

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES

66-baffle absorbent replaceable Medico Filters trap juices, tars, nicotine—keep your mouth cleaner, cooler. Change filter and your pipe is clean. Selected, imported briar; nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, Write Medico, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10022, Dept. G4. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



MEDICO • World's Largest Selling Pipes

SUPPORT RED CROSS

help
us
help

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SILVER MEDAL ISSUE

Total World Issue 2,500 Pieces
U.S. Allotment 500 Pieces
Struck by hand in Hall-marked,
Sterling Silver, numbered on rim
and supplied in presentation case.
\$49.50. Applications are invited to
address below, containing no monies
or premium offers. All applications
will be acknowledged, dealt with in
strict rotation and limited to one
piece only.

Name _____

Address _____

BRADSHAW & DARLINGTON
12 Grange Rd. West, Birkenhead,
Cheshire, England

The ABC of Bible Prophecy

Are today's world events in fulfillment of prophecy? Free booklet discusses the 7 key prophecies of the Bible. Write Dept. T-A, Pastoral Bible Institute, Box 15031, Chouteau Station, St. Louis, Mo. 63110.



that they expect the war to continue for another year or more. On the related issue of the draft, three-quarters of the students said that the present system of conscription is unfair; a majority would like to see the draft abolished in favor of a volunteer army.

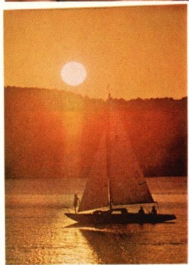
Judging from the attitude of these freshmen toward education, college administrators had better lock up the administration building extra-tight—or speed up greater student participation in university government. Almost half of the new collegians plan to take an active part in campus politics; a clear majority believe that students should have the power to affect all university decisions. More than 40% think that their schools have a duty to take official public positions on the nation's political and moral issues.

In their life styles, many of the freshmen emulate hippie attitudes. More than a fifth have tried pot, and more than half believe that it should be legal. A third said that they would like to try living in a commune. Both premarital sex and legalized abortion were approved by large majorities, including most of the freshmen interviewed at Roman Catholic Notre Dame.

Concentration of Critics. Still, the preferred life style is by no means all drugs and sex. Almost all of the freshmen still believe in the institution of marriage, and a majority continue to view religion as an important part of their lives. As for careers, less than half admitted that making money was an important goal. A majority plan to enter the professions; almost half said that they intend to teach.

Even though the students have barely unpacked, their sentiments often reflected differences in mood from one campus to another. The freshmen at Southern schools—Alabama, Texas and Duke, for example—tended to support the Viet Nam war, while the critics were concentrated at Berkeley, Harvard, Michigan, Wayne State and Oberlin. A revolution was deemed necessary by a majority at Berkeley and at predominantly black Morehouse, but there were few such extreme radicals to be found at Alabama, Miami-Dade Junior College or—surprisingly—Harvard.

Who are the freshmen's heroes? More than half say they have none. Among the political leaders of the '60s, they most admire John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Eugene McCarthy. Among leaders now active, they approve of McCarthy, Senator Edmund Muskie, Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes, Eldridge Cleaver and—of all people—Richard Nixon. Apparently convinced that he is sincerely trying to end the war and reform the draft, two out of three freshmen expressed respect for the President. But given the capacity of small student minorities to disrupt campuses and bedevil presidents, that vote of confidence in Nixon is unlikely to cause euphoria in the White House.



Round makes the world go.



Just about everything under the sun that goes, goes round. Tires and tapes. Pitches and pucks. Orbits and olives. Clocks, coins and carrouseles.

Round is a going shape. You'll see more Honeywell Round thermostats in homes than any other kind. It's the world's most popular thermostat. When you have a round, you have the most complete comfort control all year-round... heating in winter, cooling in summer... automatically.

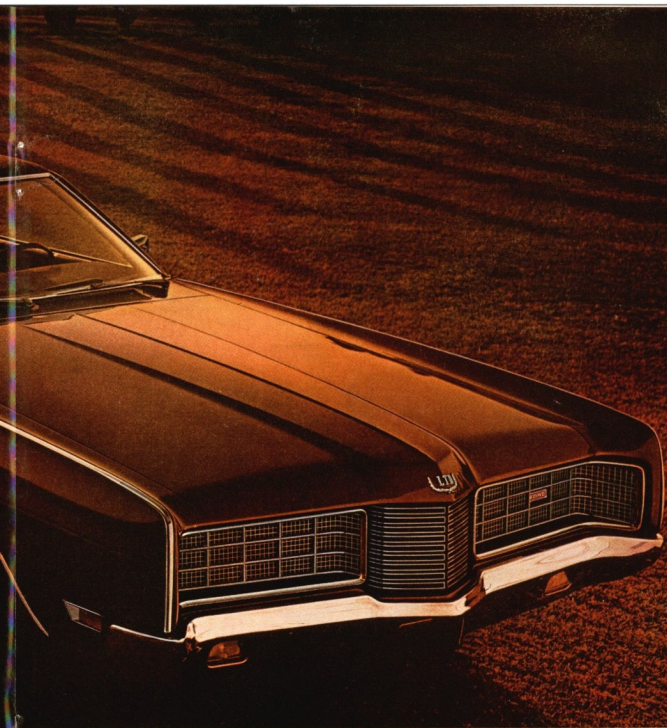
The Round, like all thermostats made by Honeywell, is backed by over 80 years of experience. And dollars to donuts, you can't buy any better, because in thermostats, the name Honeywell is the symbol of finest quality.

So when you buy, build or remodel your home, go right. Go Round.

Honeywell
AUTOMATION



Take a Quiet Break in the 1970 FORD.



1970 Ford LTD Brougham 2-Door Hardtop. Hideaway Headlamps and 351 CID V-8 are standard.

We don't just cover up the noise. We build in the quiet.

With dramatic results: The 1970 Ford is, by any measure, the most luxurious-riding Ford in history.

The quiet begins deep. With all systems working together to soften, silence, hush, absorb. A computer-designed safety frame has integral torque boxes to swallow harsh vibra-

tion. A "forgiving" suspension system works two ways to cushion your ride. Ford's longer wheelbase and wider track help keep that cushioned ride smoother and more stable. And new longer-lasting fiberglass belted bias-ply tires are standard.

Inside, you relax and enjoy the quiet in padded, panelled luxury. New for 1970: Locking steering column. Easier-

to-use Uni-Lock Safety Harness. And a new ventilation system so quiet only the coolness tells you it's working.

Isn't this the way driving should be in this noisy, nerve-wracking world? Give yourself a quiet break. In a 1970 Ford. Ford gives you Better Ideas...it's the Going Thing!

FORD



Meet the man who makes an honest bourbon— but with manners.

Bourbon came out of the hill country.
Honest but unmannered.

How to make an aristocrat
out of his first bourbon was a
challenge to I. W. Harper.

He started by keeping
the true honest taste
of bourbon but polish-
ing off the rough
edges. Which explains
why Mr. Harper's
whiskey is known
as honest
bourbon — but
with manners.



And which explains,
too, why winning medals all
over the world got to be a
habit with I. W. Harper.



One of the medals won since
1872 for being honest bourbon—
but with manners.



THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Beginning of the Burger Era

When the Supreme Court convenes this week, the absence of Earl Warren will mark a new era—but the presence of Warren Burger will not make a dramatic difference. For one thing, Chief Justice Burger will lack the support of his fellow Nixon nominee, Clement Haynsworth of South Carolina, whose approval is by no means certain (see THE NATION). For another, Burger shows no sign of wanting to lead the court in a headlong retreat from the past 16 years. "We are unlikely to see a sudden return to some strange, anti-defendant, anti-Negro, anti-reapportionment court," says Professor Arthur Sutherland of Harvard Law School. "Time is running the other way."

At least in its first term, the Burger court will be unable to avoid some of the most explosive issues facing the country. Already before the court are cases that concern:

- **RACIAL EQUALITY.** The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund lawyers have asked the court for a prompt ruling on the recent delay in desegregating Mississippi's schools. If the court agrees to hear the case, the result could be an early clash with the Nixon Administration, which took the unprecedented step of requesting the halt. Justice Hugo Black, who supervises the Deep South Fifth Circuit for the high court, has asked the Government to reply to the fund's petition by Oct. 8. Last week Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard asserted that a decision to compel desegregation throughout the South this year would be unenforceable. To such critics as the Justice Department's own civil rights lawyers, this seems a strange stance for an Administration dedicated to law enforcement.

- **CRIMINAL JUSTICE.** One of the oldest issues on the docket is capital punishment. Paradoxically, the crime-conscious U.S. has not executed a single person in more than two years. Whether that moratorium continues may depend largely on the fate of a Negro named William Maxwell, who has been condemned to death in Arkansas for raping a white woman. Among other things, Maxwell argues that his 14th Amendment right to due process was violated because there were no statutory standards to govern the jury's decision on whether he should be executed or imprisoned. Although the Justices are quite unlikely to abolish capital punishment, they could rule in favor of Maxwell on the jury issue, which might persuade the states to set limits on how and when the penalty can be imposed.

- **RIGHT OF DISSENT.** The judges will hear four cases that test whether a man threatened with prosecution under a state law for exercising his right of free speech may ask a federal court to

strike down that law. In one case, a group of antiwar demonstrators in Texas had persuaded a federal court that it did indeed have the power to void a state law that banned "loud and vociferous language calculated to disturb."

- **RIGHTS OF THE POOR.** The most important welfare suit now on the agenda argues that California may not revoke a person's benefits without first granting him a hearing before an impartial referee. California regulations, like those of many other states, entitle a person to such a hearing only *after* he is notified that his payments will be terminated. Thus, a person's benefits often cease before he has a chance to challenge the decision by presenting evidence to someone in authority besides his caseworker.

- **CHURCH AND STATE.** A New York City case attacks as unconstitutional the property-tax exemption enjoyed by religious organizations. The petitioner argues that this tax break violates the rule of separation of church and state.

With the composition of the court changing, who will become the dominant personality? Several law professors discount Burger in favor of Black, 83, who shaped much of the court's doctrine during the Warren era. "He is the only man whose philosophy will appeal to a majority of old and new members," says the University of Chicago's Philip Kurland. Others believe that Justice Brennan will lead the court in certain areas, such as free speech. Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz predicts great influence in some cases for Justice John Marshall Harlan, the Warren court's most frequent dissenter against the use of judicial solutions for social problems. The Burger court, more often than not, may find itself espousing Harlan's judicial philosophy, which Dershowitz says is "You don't reverse decisions no matter how wrong you think they are."

LAWYERS

Helping to Avoid the Draft

As trained protectors of people in trouble, lawyers often specialize in certain kinds of clients, ranging from injured motorists to businessmen fending off regulatory agencies. Now the law has a new specialist: the lawyer whose role is to prevent young men from being drafted unfairly. Most of the draft lawyers are young men in big cities who oppose the Viet Nam war and work for modest fees—though some charge as much as \$3,000 for a case

that goes to court. All disclaim any intention of counseling their clients to evade the draft, a federal crime that carries a five-year sentence. As in tax cases, the legal word is "avoidance," euphemistic as it sounds.

Draft lawyers are quick to defend their motives. Many feel that peacetime conscription is unjust, unnecessary and un-American. They are convinced that draft boards are often callous, bureaucratic, discriminatory—and usually ignorant of the law. Under the circumstances, they argue, a young man is perfectly justified in hiring a lawyer to protect his rights.

Student Deferment. Detroit's James Lafferty, 31, claims that any good lawyer can block a client's induction for at least two years. His firm of Lafferty, Reosti, Jabara, Papakhian, James & Stickgold has already handled 700 draft



DRAFT BOARD IN GARDENA, CALIF.
Tremendous inequity in the system.

cases, although it is less than a year old. Milwaukee Draft Lawyer Harry Peck, 34, says: "A person who follows my advice and works hard on developing his case is probably going to stay out of the Army." Los Angeles Attorney William Smith, 36, who is an ex-Air Force captain, claims that if a boy and his parents can afford \$250 a year, "I can give them 99.9% assurance that he won't be drafted—and I won't do anything illegal." He adds: "That is the tremendous inequity of the system."

How do they do it? When a youth first comes to them, draft lawyers thoroughly question him to determine whether he has even the remotest right to a deferment. Even college students are sometimes not aware of all the possibilities. Lafferty once interviewed a young man who faced induction after losing his student deferment and wanted to flee to Canada. "We talked for a while," says Lafferty, "then I found out

Tonight Magnavox will censor all TV news programs.

That's right. But don't panic. We don't mean content. We mean color.

You see, a lot of color TV sets make mistakes. They show you green and purple people when you should be seeing warm flesh tones. And the news comes on way off color.

Well, we have an innovation called Total Automatic Color that censors this false color and brings you the truth.

New Magnavox with exclusive Total Automatic Color keeps the color right all the time, automatically. Even when you switch from channel to channel. Or when the scene changes. TAC also keeps the picture perfectly tuned, automatically.

So on a new Magnavox you never see news in distorted colors. No fuzzy pictures, either. And no more jumping up and down to make a color adjustment.

With Magnavox Total Automatic Color, you just set it and forget it. And one more thing. The new Magnavox picture is a lot brighter, too.

So get yourself a TV with TAC. Who knows? Maybe the news will look pretty good for a change.



**Set and forget
TOTAL AUTOMATIC COLOR.
Only Magnavox has it.**

©THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, 1969

that the kid had a child and a blind wife waiting for him outside the office." The client received an automatic deferment to support his wife. Occupational deferments are available to those who join apprenticeship programs for certain skilled trades (glass cutting, for example) and to farmers who can prove that they cannot be replaced in their work.

One of the most questionable features of the Selective Service rules is that they do not permit a man to have a lawyer when he comes before either his draft board or an appeals board. As a result, most lawyers advise their clients to bring a witness to take notes on everything that is said (draft boards do not always keep adequate written records of such appearances). Those claiming conscientious-objector status are urged to question board members aggressively, in the hope that they will reveal for the record a lack of understanding of *U.S. v. Seeger*. In that decision, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that a man may be classified a C.O. if his antiwar views come from convictions that are "sincere and meaningful" and "occupy a place in the life of its possessor parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God."

Sad Proof. When all else fails, most young men threatened with induction have only two ways of bringing their case before the courts. They can go through with induction and then ask a court to order their release on a writ of habeas corpus. They can also refuse induction and be tried for draft evasion—risking a five year sentence. Despite the risk, the number of federal criminal prosecutions brought under the Selective Service law has risen steadily—from a mere 287 in fiscal 1964 to 3,305 last year.

To win a client's case in court, a lawyer usually has to find a draft-board error either in procedure or in interpretation of the law. In many instances, that search is not difficult. Some men have been drafted at a meeting of only two out of five members of a board; yet the law requires that no fewer than three be present. A San Francisco lawyer, Joel Shawn, 33, recently persuaded a federal judge to rule for his client because a majority of the draft-board members lived outside the district, a violation of the Selective Service rule that a man should be drafted only by his neighbors "if at all practical."

As long as draft boards can act capriciously, draft lawyers perform a valid legal service. Unfortunately, an obvious problem is that men who can afford skilled draft lawyers have a clear advantage over the sons of poor families who cannot pay high legal fees. Though some lawyers are helping to train "draft counselors," who give free help, the poor still get less than professional advice—more sad proof that the present draft laws not only make draft lawyers necessary but also breed contempt for law in general.

If the face seems familiar, congratulations are in order.



If you've seen one of these faces before, behind your pharmacy counter, you're lucky. It means your pharmacist has won the "Bowl of Hygieia"—an award given once a year to those who set the standards for the rest of their profession. It means that among highly specialized, knowledgeable, and responsible people, this pharmacist still manages to excel both professionally and as a public servant. Each was the choice of his or her own pharmaceutical association. A. H. Robins salutes them all with the "Bowl of Hygieia." If one is your pharmacist, be sure to offer congratulations with a handshake. A. H. ROBINS COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

 Herbert Clayton Ball Huntsville, Alabama	 Thomas J. Malachuk Fond du Lac, Alaska	 David N. Gensberg Tulsa, Arizona	 Luther E. Hodge Clarksburg, Arkansas	 Wendell T. Hill, Jr. Orange, California	 Verne N. Sealey Denver, Colorado	 Nicholas W. Fenney Hartford, Connecticut	 Wilbur C. Anderson Washington, Delaware
 Frederick W. Taper, Jr. Washington, D.C.	 Joanne Stern Miami, Florida	 Lucius W. Albertson, Sr. Marietta, Georgia	 Miss Grace M. Myer Hinsdale, Illinois	 Vernon J. Gaudin Madison, Idaho	 William R. Taggart Laurens, Illinois	 Leroy Eugene Shiss Muncie, Indiana	 Bernard F. Wilson Des Moines, Iowa
 Roger B. Miller Bonner Springs, Kansas	 Donald C. Monosoff Covington, Kentucky	 Edward S. Bissop Arbo, Louisiana	 Arnold M. Briggs Damariscotta, Maine	 Clinton W. Englander Oakland, Maryland	 Leland A. Phipps North Andover, Mass.	 Eugene J. Demick Detroit, Michigan	 Burton D. Magnusson Duluth, Minnesota
 H. Luck Wing Seattle, Washington	 Virgil V. Phillips Kansas City, Missouri	 Robert Frank Lanz Butte, Montana	 Wesley C. Conlon Minotaur, Nebraska	 Joseph L. Cerdasgorta Sparks, Nevada	 William T. Hunter Guthrie, New Hampshire	 Andrew J. Preston Boulder, New Jersey	 Joseph M. Henry Albuquerque, New Mexico
 Alphonse Normande Massett, New York	 Thomas R. Bingham Sparta, North Carolina	 Glen D. Shiner Dunsmuir, North Dakota	 Richard W. Brading Waynesville, Ohio	 Joe B. Bryan Ada, Oklahoma	 Bernard W. Carter Hermiston, Oregon	 Philip Sertoff Glenside, Pennsylvania	 Serafin Mendez Gutierrez Naguabo, Puerto Rico
 John L. Gaudin Riverside, Rhode Island	 Horace M. Kasper Columbia, South Carolina	 Thomas P. Mills Sioux Falls, South Dakota	 Clarence A. Dixon Memphis, Tennessee	 Vincent Paul Tassone Ogden, Utah	 Leland T. Chapman Fairfax, Vermont	 Thomas L. Jones Lynchburg, Virginia	 Herbert M. Tschick Seattle, Washington
 Isadore R. Wein Rocky, West Virginia	 Edward G. Farrell Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin	 Fred J. Nicholas Buffalo, Wyoming					

A-H-ROBINS

Making today's medicines with integrity... seeking tomorrow's with persistence.

BEHAVIOR

DYING

Out of Darkness

A group of medical and theological students, nurses and social workers gather every other Wednesday in a room at the University of Chicago's Billings Hospital to learn about dying. The seminar's instructors are indisputable authorities on the subject. They are all terminal patients in the hospital who have volunteered to share with strangers the last and most terrifying experience of life. Now in its fifth year, the Chicago seminar has vanquished the conspiracy of silence that once shrouded the hospital's terminal wards. It has brought death out of the darkness. In so doing, it has shown how, and with what quiet grace, the human spirit copes itself for extinction.

The course was the chance inspiration of Psychiatrist Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, 43, born and trained in Switzerland, who joined Chicago's faculty in 1965. She tells the story in a book, *On Death and Dying* (Macmillan; \$6.95). It began with a visit from four Chicago Theological Seminary students who wanted to do a study of life's greatest and final crisis. "When I wanted to know what it was like to be schizophrenic," Dr. Kübler-Ross told her callers, "I spent a lot of time with schizophrenics. Why not do the same thing? We will sit together with dying patients and ask them to be our teachers."

On Borrowed Time. To her surprise, the psychiatrist encountered stubborn resistance not from the dying but from the quick. The reaction of physicians ranged from annoyance to overt hostility. Once this wall of official resistance was breached, Dr. Kübler-Ross found that the dying themselves were only too willing to talk. In four years the seminar has heard from 150 patients; there have been only three refusals. The author now understands why. "To live on borrowed time," she writes, "to wait in vain for the doctors to make their rounds, lingering on from visiting hours to visiting hours, looking out of the window, hoping for a nurse with some extra time for a chat, this is the way many terminally ill patients pass their time. Is it then surprising when such a patient is intrigued by a strange visitor who wants to talk to her about her own feelings?" From these feelings, freely given, the seminar has been able to trace the five successive stages of life's last journey:

► The dying patient's first reaction is denial: "No, not me." The response serves an important function. Writes Dr. Kübler-Ross: "It allows the patient to collect himself and, with time,

mobilize other, less radical defenses."

► Denial eventually yields to deep anger: "Why me?" A 50-year-old dentist, dying of cancer, told the seminar: "An old man whom I have known ever since I was a little kid came down the street. He was 82 years old, and he is of no earthly use as far as we mortals can tell. And the thought hit me strongly, now why couldn't it have been old George instead of me?"

► Resentment is succeeded in turn by bargaining—a campaign, often undetectable, to somehow stay execution of sentence. A difficult patient may abruptly turn cooperative; the reward he seeks for good behavior is an extension of life. The author cites the poignant case of an opera singer, her face consumed by a fatal malignancy, who begged for a chance to sing one last time; thus, death would have to wait. She did—and it did.

► After the bargaining stage, the patient generally sinks into a profound depression. This stage, the author believes, has a positive side. The patient is weighing the fearful price of death, preparing himself to accept the loss of everything and everyone he loves.

► The fifth and final stage is acceptance, when at last the condemned patient bows to his sentence. "I think this is the miracle," the seminar was told by one woman who had steadfastly refused to accept the fact of her impending death. "I am ready now and not even afraid any more." She died the following day.

Dr. Kübler-Ross warns that the patient's final resignation should not be mistaken for euphoria, as it sometimes is. Passivity is a better description: "His circle of interest diminishes. He wishes to be left alone or at least not stirred

up by news and problems of the outside world." The patient's family often misinterpret this state as rejection. "We can be of greatest service to them," the author reasons, "if we help them understand that only patients who have worked through their dying are able to detach themselves slowly and peacefully in this manner. It is during this time that the family needs the most support, the patient perhaps the least."

Even after acceptance of the inevitable, it is the rare terminal case who abandons hope. When that occurs, says the author, death is imminent. In an age in which religious faith seems to be crumbling, hope provides the means of enduring the months and years of suffering and of living with the foreknowledge of death. "I don't think about dying, I think about living," said one indignant 53-year-old patient; his losing struggle was then in its 20th year.

Dr. Kübler-Ross concludes that the patient who is not officially told that his illness is fatal always discovers the truth anyway, and may resent the deception, however well meant. Her message is above all for those around the dying patient, and it is one so obvious that it has long been overlooked. The dying are living too, bitter at being prematurely consigned—by indifference, false cheerfulness and isolation—to the bourn of the dead. It is not death they fear, but dying, a process almost as painful to see as to endure, and one on which society—and even medicine—so readily turns its back.

PSYCHIATRY

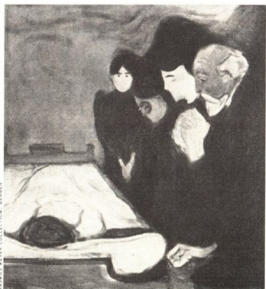
Dividend from Viet Nam

During World War II, U.S. Army field commanders discovered that they were losing more troops to combat stress than to the enemy. One man in ten was knocked out of action by battle-induced mental disorder; in 1943, more men were discharged because of psychiatric reasons than were inducted. Moreover, such casualties were usually eliminated permanently from the war; they were shipped home and discharged. Today in Viet Nam, the psychiatric casualty rate is down to one man in 100. And most of the victims rejoin their units within two days.

One reason for this dramatic reduction is a considerable improvement in the fighting man's lot. Hot meals almost daily, swift evacuation of the wounded by helicopter, regular periods of R and R (rest and recreation) far from the battle zone, steady troop rotation—all these, by contributing to the soldier's peace of mind, have helped prevent mental wounds. But the major reason for the improvement lies in psychiatry's new understanding of and approach to battle stress.

In Viet Nam, the fighting man

MUNCH'S "BY THE DEATH BED"



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE MUNCH MUSEUM, OSLO



Tonight take someone to dinner with The New Money* —even though she's 10,000 miles away.

It's your mother's birthday and you want to take her to dinner.

But she's in Japan on a tour (American Express, no doubt) and you're in the U.S. That's where The New Money—the American Express Card—pays off.

With The New Money's exclusive "Be My Guest"® service, you can play absentee host for a party halfway round the world or down the block.

Tell American Express who you're taking to dinner and where you're taking them. We do the rest. The dinner, plus a

handling charge, is put on your statement. For details, write: "Be My Guest," Box 700, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

When you can entertain in person, The New Money offers you an enormous choice of restaurants in the United States and around the world.

So many good places to eat, in fact, that choosing can become difficult.

To help you out we publish regional and worldwide dining and entertainment directories. They're free with every New Money Card.

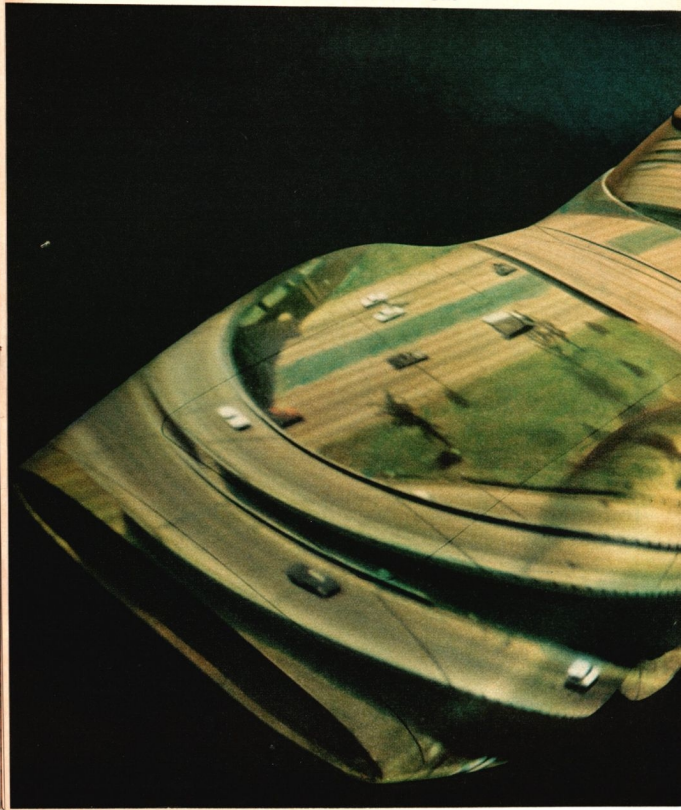
*The New Money is a service mark of American Express Company.
© 1969 American Express Company.



The American Express Card: The New Money

For a New Money application, and an American Express Space Bank Reservations Card, write: Box 2912, N.Y., N.Y. 10008

Our 1970 Model.





This one is designed
to get you there safely
...with the long, wide look of tomorrow.

The U.S. Interstate System will last for 10 trillion vehicle miles.

It has to.

In the next fifteen years highway traffic will double. That's not a pretty picture when you figure that since we started driving, two million Americans have met death on our roads. Last year alone 55,500 died. And unless we do more this figure will continue to climb.

We can't just shake this off as inevitable—as the American way of death. Safety is a problem we must face now, before it gets worse.

Modern roads—built to Interstate safety standards—can help save our greatest convenience from becoming our greatest tragedy.

But just building more and more freeways isn't the answer. We've got to do something with what we have. By re-engineering primary and secondary roads we can break up heavy traffic, eliminate bottlenecks and dangerous intersections. We can make all our roads more compatible to modern cars.

The Interstate System is an important first step. Though not yet completed, its modern design is already saving nearly 5,000 lives a year. And this figure will continue to climb if new systems replace the old.

We hope our 1970 Model catches on. It's made for people who like to live.

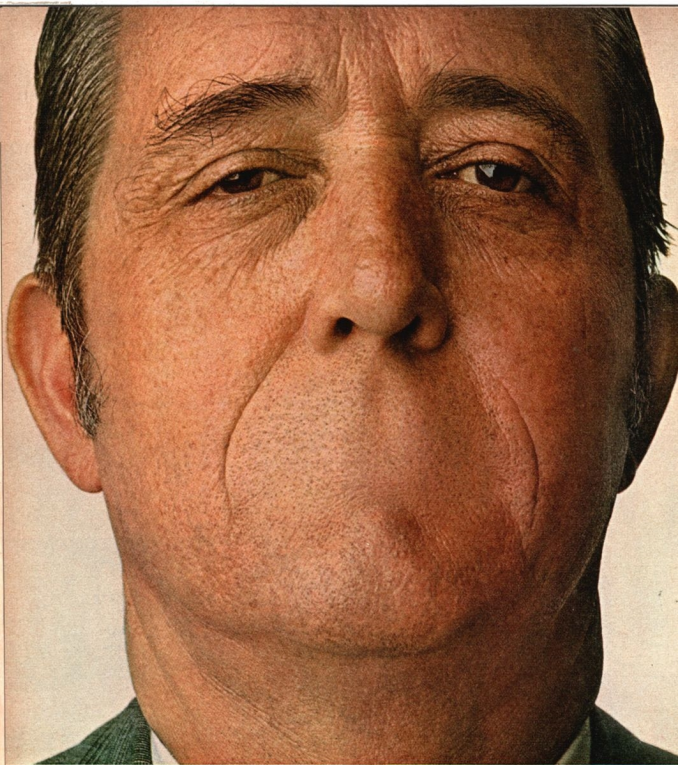


We can make the world a better place to grow up in. Caterpillar machines will help.



CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar, Cat and CQ are Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.



the silent citizen

Students riot. Races clash. Crime grows. Traffic snarls. Cities decay. Millions of people say nothing, do nothing. The silent citizens. Men without mouths.

Other voices are heard. Loud voices, with passionate convictions, crying for action. Whether their causes are

good or bad, right or wrong, the silent citizen looks away.

He's often well informed and he has good ideas of his own, but he saves them for his wife and friends and people he meets at cocktail parties. He never bothers to get them across to his congressman or his newspaper

or City Hall or the school board. He never comes out in the open to confront the other point of view.

If he stays silent long enough, the other point of view wins out...unless its supporters suddenly become silent too. Then they go nowhere together, silently waiting for time to run out.

is seldom out of reach of a psychiatrist; each combat division has its own. There are also two fully staffed mental health clinics that accept the disturbed patient in a most unmartial atmosphere. Military ceremony and the rule book are dropped at the door. Says Colonel Thomas Murray, chief Army psychiatrist in South Viet Nam: "Some of our psychiatrists are the most improbable military guys: soft, flabby, unexercised." In this deliberately demilitarized ambience, the soldier's recovery begins.

It is there, too, that combat therapy radically and abruptly departs from its civilian equivalent. "Our aim is not to please the patient," says Murray. "At home, the psychiatrist's orientation is toward kindness, consideration, tender loving care. Here, to be kind would be to send your patient home." The purpose of military therapy, however, is not cure

life depends on group solidarity. Field commanders are now encouraged to prepare the new man for his chilly reception so that he will know what to expect. To abbreviate the period of distrust, the most seasoned veteran in the outfit is often made the new man's mentor and supervisor.

Another group crisis threatens when the fighting unit undergoes a change of command. This evokes feelings of rejection and anger that can, and frequently do, engulf the new commander. Discipline plummets, and sometimes the departing officer may himself hasten the process by shucking his role as leader, accepting his troops as equals, granting extra privileges and even hinting that the next commander might be something of a martinet. Such crises can be averted, or at least ameliorated, if the departing officer is made aware of the prob-



MAJOR JOEL KAPLAN



BATTLE-WEARY TROOPER

The purpose is not cure.

but amelioration. It is to get a disabled fighting man back on the line—or, if possible, to keep him on the line.

Stress Syndromes. Techniques are being tried that might not be approved by the American Psychiatric Association. In Korea, for instance, captured American soldiers who were subjected to brainwashing showed more stubborn loyalty to their military outfit than to their own moral values or even their country. In Viet Nam, this knowledge is being applied by treating the battle-shocked man not as an individual but as part of his unit. Men like Major Joel Kaplan, 33, who heads the U.S. Army mental hygiene clinic in Nha Trang, recognize a number of stress syndromes that can tear the unit apart—and, in so doing, generate individual psychiatric casualties.

One of these is known as the f.n.g. (for "f-----g new guy") syndrome. Because of the twelve-month troop-rotation policy, each combat unit gets periodic transfusions of "new guys" unannealed by fire. The raw arrival is greeted with naked suspicion and hostility by a fighting force whose very

lem and advised to tighten discipline and control before he leaves.

New Breed. This approach, first used during World War II, helped establish one of psychiatry's newest methods: group therapy. If the efficacy of such treatment needs any further proof, psychiatrists in Viet Nam feel that they have provided it beyond any doubt. But the value of their experience may go well beyond that.

Combat psychiatrists see the battlefield not so much as a special environment but as a kind of telescoped, infinitely more stressful version of ordinary life. For this reason, and to get the men back to duty as quickly as possible, the Army is creating a new breed of lay therapist, from the battalion surgeon to the squad sergeant to the commanding officer. All these men stand on the line with the soldier. If they are taught to understand and deal with the factors that can cripple a fighting man without visibly injuring him, they can provide an effective, on-the-spot countermeasure against this elusive enemy. In Viet Nam, the lessons are being learned.

◀ **TIME Magazine** provided the adjoining space, at no cost, for the creative use of

DANCER-FITZGERALD-SAMPLE, INC.

Advertising
347 Madison Ave.
New York 10017

Photograph by Anthony Pennicelli

**Bold new
Brut for men.
By Fabergé.**

**If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try something else.**



For after shave, after shower,
after anything! Brut.

TELEVISION

MARKETING

Programming a President

Which pair is least compatible?

- 1) Oil and water
- 2) Egypt and Israel
- 3) William F. Buckley Jr. and Gore Vidal
- 4) Richard Nixon and TV

In 1960, the answer would have been laughably obvious. By 1968, however, things had changed. A "new Nixon" appeared on television with the kind of polish that could sell a used car to an Amish elder. The inevitable question arose from cynics and supporters alike: How come?

According to a book published this week, *The Selling of the President 1968* (Trident Press; \$5.95), it was simply a case of good advertising. Author Joe McGinniss, 26, a former Philadelphia newspaperman, followed Nixon's electronic campaign for about six months. He makes the point that the candidate of 1968 was not all that different from the candidate of 1960. The difference was that in 1968 the man the public saw was the man the Nixon men wanted people to see: a television Nixon who was casual, relaxed, warm, concerned, and—above all—sincere.

Book Bag Kid. "It's not what's there that counts," says Raymond Price, a former editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune* and one of Nixon's speechwriters. "The response is to the image, not to the man." This, to McGinniss, became the credo of the Nixon TV campaign. "It was as if they were building not a President but an Astrodome, where the wind would never blow, the temperature never rise or fall, and the ball never bounce erratically on the artificial grass."

One of the most important members of the Nixon TV team was Roger Ailes, a 29-year-old master of TV who met Nixon in the fall of 1967, when Ailes was executive producer of *The Mike Douglas Show* and Nixon was a guest. Ailes' campaign assignment was to produce Nixon's television appearances. Ailes developed the "man in the arena" format, in which Nixon confronted a panel of questioners and a studio audience. "Let's face it," Ailes told a studio director in Philadelphia. "A lot of people think Nixon is dull. They look at him as the kind of kid who always carried a book bag, who was 42 years old the day he was born. They figure other kids got footballs for Christmas, Nixon got a briefcase and he loved it. That's why these shows are important: to make them forget all that."

According to McGinniss, the studio panel was carefully preselected. "First, this meant a Negro," he writes. "One Negro. Not two. Two would be offensive to whites. Two would be trying too hard." The audience was "recruited



JOE MCGINNISS

Casual, concerned, sincere.

from the local Republican organizations," and cued for applause. Ailes also stage-managed Nixon's appearance: a suntan instead of slapdash makeup jobs; no lectern to hide behind. Ailes kept the set simple, the colors manly. Once Chicago set designers tried to use oh-so-chic turquoise curtains as a backdrop. "Those stupid bastards," railed Ailes. "Nixon wouldn't have looked right unless he was carrying a pocketbook."

Folksy Manner. Nixon was also marketed through commercials supervised by Harry Treleven, formerly of J. Walter Thompson. Treleven was drinking a can of beer on the beach at Amagansett, L.I., one September day in 1967 when he was approached by a neighbor, Len Garment, a partner in Nixon's law firm. Garment invited Treleven to handle Nixon's TV ad campaign.



ROGER AILES

It's what's out front that counts.

"We went to Treleaven," said Garment later, "because of his experience with the great institutional products of America. He handled Pan Am, Ford, RCA—the established American institutions."

Nixon's staff even heeded the guidelines of a report pointing out that "the simple folksy manner of John Wayne can be effective with the target group" of voters they were after. Kevin Phillips, a vote analyst, added that "Wayne might sound bad to people in New York, but he sounds great to the shmucks we're trying to reach. The people down there along the Yahoo belt."

The crass language of TV huckstering rings authentically throughout *The Selling of a President*, particularly since nearly one-third of the book is devoted to reprinting notes and memos from Nixon's TV advisers. The book is fast-paced, fascinating—and a bit frightening. The men who wrote the memos probably meant no disrespect; they were merely transferring the cynicism of the ad world to the business of politics. The fact that they cannot differentiate between a candidate for President and a container of Ban tells a great deal more about advertising and television than it does about Nixon.

TECHNOLOGY

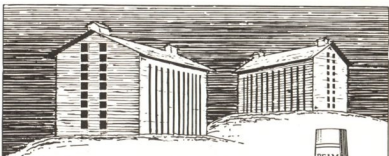
And Now SelectaVision

Tired of television? There may be a way to watch the tube without having to see what is on it now. Last week RCA presented "SelectaVision," a new system that it called "potentially the most significant development for the home since color television."

SelectaVision (SV) is designed to convert any standard TV set into a home movie projector and screen. When perfected, the SV converter will be able to play movies, operas, lessons—or even deliver an audio-visual TV magazine. RCA hopes to begin marketing the first SV adapters in 1972 for a retail price of "under \$400." Six-inch cartridges, providing a half-hour of color programming, would initially cost about \$10 apiece but could be rented for far less.

Last year CBS Laboratories introduced its own playback system, called Electronic Video Recording (EVR). But the RCA version—which works through a combination of laser beams and holography—would cost the consumer only half as much. The model RCA demonstrated last week, however, was still a primitive prototype with grainy picture, color distortion and no sound.

In the long run, no matter whether CBS, RCA or another competitor comes to dominate the new field, few would dispute the projection of RCA Executive Chase Morsey Jr. that it could be a \$1 billion industry by the 1980s. EVR, SV or whatever is, as he put it, the first "personalized television" in a period when "mass programming will no longer completely satisfy the customer." Morsey's implication was clear: SelectaVision could be the answer to Rejectionvision.



We keep a thief in our aging houses.

It's not the regular kind, of course. Our thief is a long tube. We use it to see how our Jim Beam Bourbon is aging from year to year in our special charred, white oak barrels. These barrels help make that wonderful, light and warm Jim Beam taste that's been a Beam family art for nearly 175 years. So when we tell you there's a thief in our aging house, it doesn't mean we end up with less Bourbon. All it means is we end up with the best Bourbon. "World's finest Bourbon since 1795."

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky



The Mighty Wurlitzer.



Act II

Remember the thrills of the Mighty Wurlitzer? We're still packing 'em in...in the new Wurlitzer Theater Console Organ for your home.

WURLITZER
means Music to millions®
DeKalb, Illinois 60115



THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

A fascinating tobacco. Smoothness that turns on your taste. Aroma that turns on hers.



ART

The Venerability of Pop

FIRST it seemed all Brillo boxes, hoked-up cartoon strips, billboard fragments—and met mostly loud guffaws. But after less than a decade Pop art has not only come of age; it has—such is the accelerated pulse of art movements today—almost become venerable. As a sure sign of esteem, New York's Guggenheim is now holding a retrospective of the comic-strip-inspired works of Roy Lichtenstein, and the saggy, baggy sculptures of Claes Oldenburg are on display at the Museum of Modern Art. The Whitney Museum, not to be outdone, will exhibit another major Pop artist, Jim Dine, in February.

Pop never was as radical as it has been made out to be. For one thing, it is more readily accessible to the casual viewer's sensibility than the austere abstraction of, say, a Barnett Newman or an Ad Reinhardt. Its images, in fact, depend in part on instant recognition. Many of its subjects are the eternal themes of art—scrubbed, rubbed, varnished, stuffed and updated. *Susannah and the Elders*, an exercise in biblical voyeurism that has been painted by Tintoretto, Rubens and Rembrandt, becomes in Tom Wesselmann's rendition a pink plastic *Great American Nude* in her bathtub, with gallerygoers playing

the edge of a cliff, or Charlie Chaplin falling into a machine. The pictures visually crowd the spectator, jostle and shout at him. All the vernacular of commercialism—billboards, neon signs, girlie magazines, comic books—provides the imagery. By using such familiar props, the Pop artists are commenting on the new urban landscape of supermarkets and motel rooms, of roadsides and TV commercials, a civilization in which the old-fashioned nature celebrated by old-fashioned artists has become merely a fleeting view from the window of a car, train, plane or apartment house. Thus most Pop works contain a tacit indictment of a society that allows life itself to be rolled off an assembly line: standardized, specialized, fragmented, and beautifully packaged.

As a movement, Pop is perhaps ebbing. But as its shock value wears off, it is easier to make judgments. The thin, acrid sensibility of Andy Warhol remains naggingly insistent, an idiosyncratic talent that can be derided but not dismissed. Lichtenstein's works are admired for their sharp elegance, Rosenquist's for their painterly quality. Jim Dine's for their intimacy. But each seems to have settled into the styles established by his own success. The one among them who seems to have continuously moved into progressively new and different areas, blithely leaving his successes behind him, is Claes Oldenburg.

Table Volcano. A big, burly man who looks like a scholarly truck driver or an agile Bacchus, Oldenburg is shy but not modest. "I am a magician," he says. "A magician brings dead things to life." His sculptures of food, for example. Typical, terrible American cuisine fascinates him, the kinds of things dieters like Oldenburg himself try to avoid: a wedge of pecan pie, a banana sundae, racks of assorted pastry, ice cream, cheeseburgers. Made of plaster, slathered with lush enamel paint, these goodies actually seem ready for the consumer's fork and spoon. But like four-color advertisements of food, they are designed more to entice than to be eaten. An Oldenburg baked potato nonetheless looks hot, smoky, delicious—with butter melting over the white insides. Yet visually it is as powerful as a volcano, with energy and drama in the eruption of its thick, baked skin.

Oldenburg sees the world with eyes as fresh and intent as a child's, and he notices everything. He has collected, for instance, stubbed-out cigarettes. "Everybody puts out a cigarette in a different way, and these are particularly nervous ones," he explains. "A fag end is a basic geometric form—a cylinder—that is altered by a very natural action when it is put out. This interests me."

The soft sculptures are, of course,

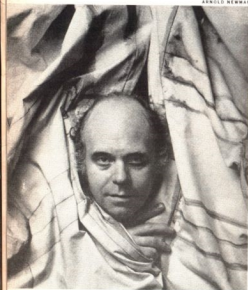
the magician's most famous trick. Their success lies in their invitation to be touched and poked and in their quality of surprise. Where other artists in the past would change the color or shape of the objects they treated, Oldenburg keeps those qualities as they are and instead changes their context (a hamburger sits on the floor), size (small things become gigantic) and state (soft instead of hard). The result is a sculpture of enormous intellectual compression; it shows the stress of gravity, the effect of age, the possibility of sensuality. As a result, his sculptures force the viewer to look at everyday things with the fresh eye of discovery.

Whoever heard of a wedge of cake as big as a luncheonette booth? Or a giant fan so limp that it can hardly stand up, much less turn. Or three-way extension plugs, tall as children, and all ready to totter up to the viewer and command: "Take me to your leader!" His gleaming soft toilet slumps and sags like a geriatric patient. Oldenburg knows precisely what he is doing. "The important thing about humor is that it opens people. They relax their guard, and you can get your serious intentions across. If I were as didactic in my work as I really am, I would bore people to death. But because I can put my message in a colorful, engaging form, my message isn't heavy."

Ground Rules. To accomplish this difficult task, Oldenburg has developed some basic ground rules for his work. The subject first must be timely; he has no use for dead symbols. It must also be an object that touches the body, like furniture and food, or is constantly used, like housewares. "I never make representations of bodies but of things that relate to bodies so that the body sensation is passed along to the spectator either literally or by suggestion." Finally, his creations must have something to do with sex. "If you ignore that," he says, "you're missing the point."

Some of his sculptures are unmistakably phallic—the food blenders, for example, or toothpaste tubes. Others are based on female forms: the hamburgers, light switches, the soft version of Chrysler's 1935 Airflow. But every good Freudian knows all that without having to prowl within a sculptor's imagination. On the other hand, who could anticipate Oldenburg's explanation of his sculpture *Raisin Bread, Sliced?* "It was conceived as a sort of Parthenon and was also suggested by a picture I saw of Paris' Madeleine Church turning into a loaf of bread. The piece has a lot to do with excrement and sex. It also has to do with cutting."

"All I need," says Oldenburg, "is for something to stick in my mind. Like Henry Miller's nose. It has a strange, puffy quality. Then it begins to work within a scheme of resemblances. The nose metamorphoses into a fireplug; the plug into a coin phone box; the phone into a car." Once, just to discover exactly what did happen to a banana's



OLDENBURG WITHIN A WORK

The magician's most famous trick.

unreluctant elders. Those meticulous Dutch still lifes of fruits and game are reflected in Pop's soup cans, candy canes, slabs of gooey cake, giant Coke bottles.

Although the works might appear to be flip, slick and sexy, they also brim with menace. When they are funny, which is often, it is with the precarious humor of Harold Lloyd teetering on

fare merchandising only through Dec. 31. After the CAB took that action, Alitalia acted unilaterally to cut fares.

IATA's 23 North Atlantic carrier members will meet next week in Europe to work out a new fare structure. But many of the airlines are still sharply split over whether, how and by how much to change their prices. That leaves the transatlantic traveler as confused and unhappy as ever.

BANKING

And Now the Cashomat

There are still some things that credit cards cannot buy. So last week the Bank of America, the nation's largest, came to the aid of cash-short consumers by installing an automatic "cash dispenser" outside one of its branches in San Francisco. Anyone with a checking account at the bank can withdraw \$25 simply by inserting a plastic identification card and punching a code number on a ten-digit keyboard. The machine verifies the information by means of electronic sensors, then slips the money to the customer through another slot. It keeps the card, which is returned by mail. The withdrawal is deducted from the depositor's checking account, along with a 1% service charge. If a card holder punches the wrong code number or tries to use an invalid card, a lighted notice tells him to try again. If he is unsuccessful on the third try, the machine swallows his card. That allows the bank to determine whether he used a canceled card or merely punched the wrong code number.

First developed in Europe, the cashomats are also in use at banks in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York and at the Sumitomo Bank of California. The machines are obviously convenient for after-hours withdrawals. Even during banking hours, they save customers the time and trouble of lining up at tellers' counters.



WITHDRAWING DOLLARS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Three tries, and then gulp.

Gordon's.
It's how
the English
keep their
gin up!



Let down on the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin? Never! Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So you pour a drier drink in 1969, our 200th Anniversary year. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But then any other way just wouldn't be cricket!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON, N. I.

The cost of a college education is up 68% since 1957.

What!
You still don't
own any
mutual funds?

Investment Company Institute, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

STATISTICS: DEPT. OF HEALTH OFFICE OF EDUCATION

THE HIGH PRICE OF REPRESSION

IN today's Prague, practically no one works more than three hours a day. Once the most industrious and prosperous of Eastern Europeans, the Czechoslovaks are passively resisting Soviet occupation by the only means left to them: loafing. They wander aimlessly in the streets and fill the pubs from early morning until closing time. Construction sites are deserted. Office workers arrive late and often do not return after lunch. Says a factory foreman: "If you saw our plant at peak production hours, you would think we were on strike." "There is no respect for superiors, because they do nothing either," adds a Czechoslovak manager.

In desperation, Prague's purge-minded regime last week replaced the ministers of planning, finance, foreign trade and price control. The government also decreed that the five-day work week will be increased to six, apparently in the belief that production will rise proportionately. That is a dubious assumption. Visitors to Prague are assured that industrial sabotage continues unabated. Few Czechoslovaks seem to care that they themselves, and not the Soviet occupiers, are the first victims. They seem bent on committing slow economic suicide, which in its way is as tragic as the destruction of political freedom a year ago.

Chains on Baby Carriages. The consequences of the economic slowdown touch everyone. Czechoslovakia's distribution system is verging on collapse. Women must rise at dawn to search for fresh meat; eggs are often difficult to find in the cities. For long weeks during the summer, lack of railroad cars tied up 3,600 tons of meat and 105,000 tons of other Soviet goods at the border transfer point of Cierma. No one is starving, but Czechoslovaks returning from trips to Germany and Austria carry suitcases stuffed with food.

Residents of Prague find it almost impossible to buy towels, diapers, flashlight batteries, handkerchiefs, women's underwear, sheets, pillowcases and baby carriages. The shortages have spawned a new black market, and parents now chain their baby carriages to guard against theft. Construction has slowed so drastically that of 6,000 new apartments planned for this year, fewer than 100 have been completed. Because of a lack of coal, the government has reduced supplies available to schools and homes—a harsh step as cold weather approaches—and has cut electricity to "nonvital" industries by 14%.

Czechoslovakia is running into balance of payments difficulties and has had to cut back drastically on its imports of production equipment. The country's primary exports, including timber and Prague ham, are in short supply. Another reason for the export decline is the increasing shoddiness of Czechoslovak goods. A survey of fac-

tory managers showed that two-thirds of them give priority to the home market because, the report said, "the people are not selective." The men in charge of the economy vigorously protest the refusal of the U.S. to grant Czechoslovakia most-favored-nation tariff treatment. By stimulating sales to the U.S., such a step could give the Czechoslovaks a psychological as well as an economic lift.

Scopegoats. The beleaguered country has become a classic case study in Communist mismanagement and exploitation. Before World War II, "Made in Czechoslovakia" was a hallmark of excellence in steel, machine tools, glass, textiles, machinery and leather. The

power in 1968, he added the vital ingredient of political freedom and adopted a series of reforms proposed by Economist Ota Sik. As Deputy Prime Minister under Dubček, Sik initiated far-reaching decentralization and began rapidly to modernize the economy, particularly in consumer industries that had suffered from decades of neglect. Sik also hoped to get \$400 million in credits from the West, a step that would have relieved Czechoslovakia of some of its heavy dependence on the Soviets for markets and raw materials.

The Soviet invasion killed that hope. Dubček's successor, Gustav Husák, justly complains that he took over an economy in chaos—but unjustly blames the Dubček regime and specifically Sik, who is on indefinite official leave in Switzer-

land. The chaos is really the result of the repeal of the Dubček and Sik reforms, and of the fact that Czechs today commonly proclaim: "We are not going to work for the Russians." The Soviets, for their part, are doing nothing to help. They are withholding sorely needed credits until political "normalization" is complete.

Gradual Freeze. Bound by Communist orthodoxy, the country's new rulers have ordered a return to highly centralized planning, and they have threatened loafing workers with "ideological training"—a euphemism for force. The government has brought in Yugoslav construction crews, Polish textile workers and Hungarian railroad men, and called on Czech workers to work "voluntary" weekend shifts to commemorate Lenin's 100th birthday next year. The notion ironically harks back to the freely given "Dubček shifts" that workers put in during their



CZECHS GOING TO WORK IN PRAGUE
The loafer is a hero.

Czechoslovaks survived the war with their industrial plants largely intact, but then came the Communist coup of 1948. Prague adopted the Soviet economic system, and the Soviets, in turn, drained Czechoslovakia, buying its production at dictated prices. One notable example is uranium. Czechoslovakia had the world's first producing uranium mine, and it supplied the pitchblende from which Mme. Curie isolated radium. During the 1950s, Russia bought most of Czechoslovakia's uranium for the cost of production, which was set artificially low because the mines were manned largely by unpaid political prisoners and located on state-owned land.

When the demand for reform became overwhelming in 1966, the rigid regime of Antonín Novotný hesitantly began decentralizing the economy while trying to maintain tight political control. After Alexander Dubček rose to

brief springtime of freedom. Otherwise, the occupation regime's tinkering with the economy has made the situation worse. A 16% wage increase in the first half of 1969 only increased the rate of inflation. Now the regime is trying to freeze wages and prices, but is applying the controls gradually to avoid antagonizing the populace. Since there are no visible results, the effort succeeds only in angering everyone.

Because Czechoslovaks expect a devaluation of their currency at any time, they are spending at a frenzied pace, even though the average monthly wage buys only one ill-made suit and a pair of shoes. As prices spiral dizzyly, Prague is filled with rumors that clothing will soon be rationed. Inflation could be halted, and many other economic ailments eased, if the Czechoslovaks would return to their old habits of industriousness, but the people are manifestly



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY is made just like it was over a century ago. Our retirees* here help see to that.

These men learned their jobs from Lem Motlow (who learned it himself from Mr. Jack Daniel). And they've passed on their knowledge to the younger generations who make our whiskey today. You see, our retirees can tell you more about whiskey-making than any six men we know. And we can promise you this: There's not one of them who abides any meddling with the rare sippin' taste of Jack Daniel's.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

*Standing: left to right, Lant Wood (age 88), Lem Tolley (age 71), Irv Crutcher (age 69).
Seated: left to right, Clarence Holman (age 67), Lawrence Waggoner (age 79), Lucas Philpot (age 87).

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

© 1969, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc.

unwilling to do so unless there is a general liberalization.

The Soviet conquerors are in a bind. They fear that economic liberalization and reform would lead inexorably to demands for more political freedom, which they are unwilling to allow. But if Czechoslovakia is to have an economy that can reliably produce for the Communists, the hard-liners sooner or later must provide some reforms. Meantime, there is still a glimmer of wry Czechoslovak humor, as illustrated by a joke that is making the rounds in Prague:

Q. What would happen if Czechoslovakia should gain control of the Sahara desert?

A. Within two years, we would have to import sand.

COTTON

Bad Days on the Plantation

In the 14 states that make up the U.S. cotton belt, the unmistakable racket of mechanical cotton pickers filled the air last week. It was harvest time for the crop that reigned supreme in the South for a century. But even though modern machines have largely displaced the tattered ranks of Negro field hands, the resulting rise in productivity cannot conceal the fact that King Cotton is in deep trouble.

All the king's men—the 300,000 U.S. cotton farmers—will harvest little more than 11 million bales this year, compared with 18 million in 1955, when the U.S. produced half the world's supply. That proportion is now down to a fifth—and the U.S. cotton industry is

under assault from growers in Brazil, Mexico, Egypt, Pakistan and Turkey. Last year the U.S. exported only 2.7 million bales of cotton, compared with 4.2 million in 1967.

Even more of a threat is posed by the rapid advances of synthetics, which last year outsold cotton 2 to 1. The cotton industry is fighting back, but its \$13 million research and advertising campaign amounts at best to a rear-guard action. Research is concentrated on quick development of permanent-press fabrics made entirely of cotton. Ordinarily, such fabrics must be strengthened with synthetics, since the chemicals used to impart a permanent press weaken cotton fibers. The first limited success was an all-cotton durable-press shirt marketed this year.

Such small gains are not nearly enough to reverse cotton's decline, which has all but wiped out the once bustling exchanges of the South. The exchange in New Orleans, from which clipper ships braved Northern blockades during the Civil War, closed in 1964 and is now a dusty, rotting building. The Galveston and Charleston exchanges shut down last year. Next to go, most likely, will be Houston's, which sold only 100,000 bales in 1968. There is little left for its score of traders to speculate upon—except the question of how long the exchange will hold out.

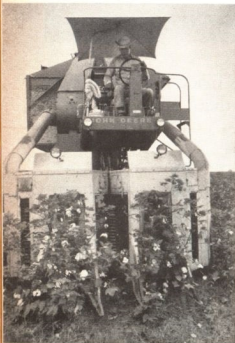
Ironically, both synthetics makers and foreign growers were given access to cotton's domain as an unforeseen result of U.S. Government policy. The troubles began with rigid, Depression-born price supports, which eventually reached a peak of 32½¢ a pound in 1955. They were aimed at propping the growers' income, but in the process they raised the price of U.S. cotton above the going world rate. The Government's solution to that problem was to subsidize exports, beginning in 1956. That move, in turn, created a crisis for domestic mill-

ers, who complained that they had to pay more for U.S. cotton than competing foreign mills. Washington's answer was to add a third subsidy, this time for the millers.

The costly and cumbersome system was replaced in 1965 by one that provides only two subsidies—both for growers. The first, amounting to 11¢ a pound this year, is paid directly to the farmer, on condition that he limit his cotton acreage. The second, technically a "loan" from the Commodity Credit Corp., supports the price of cotton at 90% of the fluctuating world rate, and this year is set at 20½¢ per pound. The advantage of this arrangement is that U.S. cotton prices are no longer fixed at artificially high levels. Trouble is, the current system was adopted only after foreign growers had entrenched themselves in a market once dominated by the U.S.

Vague Proposal. The Nixon Administration's policy seems realistically designed not so much to recapture lost ground as to lessen the cost of supporting King Cotton. Two weeks ago, when he appeared before the House Agriculture Committee, which must produce new legislation before the present subsidy program expires next year, Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin suggested some important modifications. He would continue the direct payments to growers but encourage some farmers to shift to more profitable crops. He would also lower the price support. With that, the Government could save as much as \$250 million of the \$1 billion annual cost of supporting cotton.

Hardin purposely left his proposal vague, throwing much of the responsibility for a workable program to the farm-belt Congressmen. That, at least, offers an opportunity for change in a business that has been harmed more than helped by the complicated schemes spun by federal bureaucrats, who are far from the soil.



MECHANICAL HARVESTER



PICKING COTTON IN TEXAS

All the king's men cannot put a market together again.

TENNECO CHEMICALS, INC. □ TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION CO. □ TENNECO OIL CO. □
PACKAGING CORPORATION OF AMERICA □ KERN COUNTY LAND CO. □ J. I. CASE CO. □
WALKER MANUFACTURING CO. □ NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO. □



Shipbuilding is some of our business

How much is some? It's enough to make our Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company the biggest privately owned shipbuilder in the U.S. The only one, in fact, that can launch everything from a super-carrier to a nuclear sub to an ocean liner. One major reason why we're over \$2 billion a year in sales—and growing bigger. Tenneco. **Building businesses is our business.**



TENNECO INC.
HOUSTON, TEXAS



For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives
depended on them.



MODERN LIVING

DESIGN

Prince of Prints

If Emilio Pucci is not a Renaissance man, he is doing one of the best imitations around. A Florentine marchese with a pedigree dating to Donatello, the designer, artist, sportsman, politician and resort-hopper has etched his name into the fashion lexicon of the decade. With the opening of a one-man show of silk-screens, tapestry rugs and sculptures in New York last week, Pucci, at 54, seems about to do for walls and floors what he has done for fashionable women on five continents—swathe them in splinters and swirls of color.

Color is what Pucci is all about. Whether it be palazzo pajamas, shirts and skirts, or scarves and body stockings, Pucci brands his artifacts with a kaleidoscope of shades and hues. What makes his performance all the more bravura (and saves him nearly \$100,000 a year in samples) is his ability to visualize some 80 different colors in his mind. Like do-it-yourself, fill-in-the-numbers paintings, his designs go off to the factory as line drawings spotted with the numbers of his private rainbow. Invariably, he is pleased with the result. Seeing his Argentine-woven rugs (\$700 to \$1,500 each) for the first time last week, he remarked simply: "I find these rather superb."

Pucci came to the calling by which he is best known almost by accident. His education was more appropriate for a scholar than for a designer: he holds an M.A. in social science from Reed College in Oregon and a Ph.D. in political science from the University of Florence. Pucci joined the Italian air force in World War II and garlanded

himself in medals and citations as a bomber pilot. With the war's end, he settled in Switzerland, living the good life on the slopes. It was at St. Moritz that a roving *Harper's Bazaar* photographer encouraged his sartorial talent by asking to photograph some self-designed stretch ski pants that Pucci was wearing. Lord & Taylor saw the glossies and asked if they could manufacture the pants. The rest is hysteria. In the years that followed, Pucci became the champion of sportswear, the prince of prints and—an important clue to his success—the creator of designs recognizable even to men.

Electric Complaints. Everyone knows, of course, that politics and pulchritude don't mix. Everyone that is, except Pucci, who combines them as neatly as he does his colors and patterns. He is a member of the Italian Parliament in the minority Liberal (meaning conservative) Party. At his Palazzo Pucci on Via Pucci in downtown Florence, he spends hours a day sorting through stacks of mail from the worlds of both fashion and politics. "One letter may be a request for an interview as a fashion designer," he says. "The next letter is from a constituent who complains about the electricity service in his village." With his elegant wife Cristina, 31, and two children, Pucci lives the restless life, traveling, speaking, designing, electioneering (he hands out signed scarves with his campaign literature).

His first men's fashion line was presented last week in Houston, featuring collarless suits with wide lapels and lined with his trademark, brightly patterned silk. His next project: modern furniture. "I've done the drawings," he says. "They started out as a joke, a hobby, but they've gotten serious. I try to keep up with the world of tomorrow. I want to keep doing what I've always done, which is the best I can within my own limitations." So far, those limitations—whatever they may be—have been kept pretty well out of view.

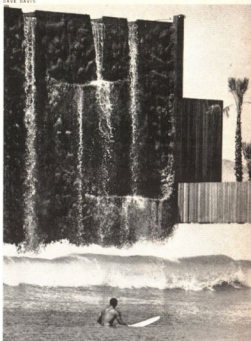
RECREATION

Making Waves

"Surf's up!" The cry is universal, both exultation and invitation. It echoes through the meccas of surfdom like a call to battle, from Mar del Plata to Makaha, from Sydney to Tempe, Ariz. Tempe, Ariz.? Surfing?

Oh, yes. At Tempe's just opened "Big Surf," the nearest ocean is 350 miles away, the sand beach was trucked in from Phoenix, and the waves are man-made. Yet beyond any doubt, surfing it is. Every 40 seconds, a new wave cascades from one end of the 2½ acre lagoon, carrying as many as 30 boards and bodies on waves up to five feet high. "You don't have to wait for that big one to come along," says Hawaii's Surfing Champion Fred Hemmings Jr.,

DAVE DAVIS



ARIZONA'S "BIG SURF"
Inland ocean for fun and profit.

head instructor at the facility. "The surf is always up."

The novel idea of making inland waves for fun and profit came to a young Phoenix draftsman after a stay on the California coast in 1965. It took Phil Dexter a year to build his first model—in his backyard—and another year to get it working the way he wanted it. Clairol Inc., which uses surfing as a motif to promote hair coloring, put up the two million for the project. Now, two years later, it includes a 20-acre Polynesian-style complex of palms and high-roofed South Pacific huts housing shops, concessions and picnic areas.

Dexter's wave-making apparatus is fairly simple. Hydraulic pumps force millions of gallons of water per hour into a concrete reservoir at the far end of the lagoon. Underwater gates spring open at intervals, releasing the water and generating the waves. The size of the waves is controlled by the amount of water pumped into the reservoir and no two curls are exactly the same. Riders can climb stairways directly to the waves instead of paddling out from shore. Though the fresh water is less buoyant than seawater, the difference to the surfer is negligible.

The cost for a day's riding ranges from \$1 for children to \$3 for adults. Teams of lifeguards enforce strict safety precautions and instruct lapsed surfers. If inland surfing catches on, a projected Clairol subsidiary may build other such centers around the country, paying a royalty to Dexter and his 30 stockholders. In the meantime, Dexter is practicing his surfing. Though he loves the sport, he has never before found time to get very good at it.



PUCCI & SILK-SCREENS
Swathed in splinters and swirls.

Why not ride on our reputation? We do!

Our men know how to pack things and unpack things. They know how to pick things up and how to put things down. They know everything about moving. They should. Most of them have been with us a long time. In fact, Lyon men have the longest record of service with one moving company. Our moving company. It's a record that's made us famous. So, why not ride on our reputation. We've got room for you.

Lyon Van Lines, Inc. Agents in all principal cities. Service in all 50 states and 112 foreign countries.



LET LYON GUARD YOUR GOODS®

MILESTONES

Born. To King Constantine of Greece, 29, who for the past 22 months has been living in self-exile in Rome, and Queen Anne-Marie, 23, formerly princess of Denmark; their third child, second son; in Rome.

Married. James Roosevelt, 61, eldest son of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and a former U.S. Congressman, now a director of a Geneva-based international investment firm; and Mary L. Winskill, 32, a British schoolteacher; he for the fourth time (he was granted a divorce last month from his third wife, Gladys Owens Roosevelt, who stabbed him in May); in a private ceremony; in Hyde Park, N.Y.

Died. Henry Thompson, 43, former slugging third baseman for the New York Giants; of liver disease; in Fresno, Calif. Thompson and Outfielder Monte Irvin were the first of many Negro stars signed by Leo Durocher, and the policy paid off handsomely when Thompson's home runs sparked a successful Giant pennant drive in 1954. In the World Series that year, "Hammerin' Hank," as he was called, helped rout the formidable Cleveland Indians with a .364 batting average. He hit 129 major league homers before injuries and drinking problems forced his retirement in 1957.

Died. Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., 69, pioneering American virologist and head of the epidemiology department at the University of Michigan; following abdominal surgery; in Ann Arbor, Mich. In 1934 Francis made medical history by isolating the classic A strain of influenza; he identified the virulent B strain in 1940, and by 1944 he had conquered both with a vaccine so dependable that it was used to inoculate the entire U.S. Army two years later. But his greatest success came in 1954, when he supervised the unprecedented field trials (covering 1,800,000 children in 44 states at an expense of \$7,500,000) that validated the effectiveness of the polio vaccine developed by one of Francis' former pupils: Jonas Salk.

Died. Kimon Georgiev, 87, Bulgarian politician whose machinations twice made him Premier of his country; in Sofia. More back-room manipulator than statesman, Georgiev was a master of Balkan intrigue; in 1934, with one unsuccessful coup already to his credit, he engineered the overthrow of the government and installed himself as Premier, only to be toppled within a year by loyalist army officers. After collaborating with the Communists during World War II, he was rewarded by again being put in as Premier when the Russians occupied Bulgaria. He was replaced with a hand-picked party official the following year.

From up here you can see Lennox heating & cooling on 6 out of 10 roofs



This is a chopper's-eye view of the miles of commercial buildings that line Interstate 494 in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. As far as the camera can see, Lennox heating and air conditioning is the overwhelming choice.

Garages. Restaurants. Motels. Apartments. Warehouses. Office buildings. Bakeries. A medical clinic. Sports stadium. Shopping center.

Lennox offers important advantages to each. Roof-mounting that conserves floor space. Low silhouette—easily concealed from view. Free cooling when outside temperature is below 57°F.

Lennox multizone systems offer room-by-room control; can heat one space while cooling another. And flexibility that permits walls to be moved or eliminated. And as a building grows, the owner simply adds new Lennox modules.

Lennox systems are completely assembled and wired, including controls. Installation is faster, with less on-site labor. Costs are more predictable. And there is single-source equipment responsibility: Lennox.

If you are involved in planning any kind of building—commercial, industrial, institutional—write for information. Lennox Industries Inc., 527 South 12th Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa 50158.

LENNOX
AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING

CINEMA

FESTIVALS

Modest Fame

Film-festival movies are like mistresses in a man's life: the later they come along, the more they have to do to please, or even be remembered. Judged from this jaundiced point of view, a few films of the second segment of the seventh New York Film Festival still achieved a modest fame.

Jean-Luc Godard would certainly resent the comparison, but he makes movies the way some manufacturers make washing machines—with planned obsolescence. Only a few years after their

to the tradition of postwar Italian realism and its masters, among them Rossellini and De Sica. Yet Olmi's films seem more precise, more tightly constructed, more acute. He has a filmmaker's sense of composition and a novelist's sense of rhythm and construction. The plot of *One Fine Day* is much like an anecdote by Chekhov. A middle-aged Milanese advertising executive (Brunetto Del Vita) has led a smug and comfortable life of reasonable success with his job, with his family and his women. Two intimations of death destroy this placid equilibrium: a colleague is stricken with a heart attack at a staff meeting and the executive himself ac-

segment of what Director Eric Rohmer calls his *Six Moral Tales*, *Maud* involves a 34-year-old engineer named Jean-Louis (Jean-Louis Trintignant) whose loneliness is only reinforced by an abiding sense of his own stringent Roman Catholicism. An evening with Maud, a ravishing divorcee (Françoise Fabian), turns into a kind of two-way ethics seminar in the bedroom, with Maud patiently listening to the engineer expound his views while slyly—but unsuccessfully—trying to coax him into bed. Jean-Louis eventually marries a vulnerable young blonde (Marie-Christine Barrault), but a chance seaside encounter with Maud a few years later discloses that it was Jean-Louis's wife who had broken up Maud's marriage. The circle is closed—and Jean-Louis finds himself trapped inside. The film is executed with a mathematical certainty that (despite the seemingly interminable scene in Maud's bedroom) makes it a dry but constant pleasure. The meticulous acting of the small cast might fairly stand as a study model for light comedy.

A ghost haunts Richard Attenborough's *Oh! What a Lovely War*. Memories of Joan Littlewood's acerbic and exhilarating vaudeville rendering of World War I—surely one of the great theatrical events of the decade—hang heavy over this sincere but lumbering film. Littlewood used the English music hall as a metaphor for the madness of the whole war. Attenborough transfers this basically theatrical conceit to an amusement pier at Brighton and loses much of the kinetic anger of the stage original in transit. Lacking any real order, the film wanders like some shell-shocked veteran from period songs to blackout sketches to satiric historical re-creations; it never once comes together into any sort of consistent or even coherent rhythm. Still, there are compensations. The large cast (including Ralph Richardson, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, Michael Corin and Vanessa Redgrave) is uniformly excellent, and the cinematography (by Gerry Turpin) is lavish and handsome. Even the music, which alternates between the naive but savage jingoism of the home front and the bemused bitterness of the trenches, strikes precisely the right note of historical irony. Despite its few scenes of splendid, subtle savagery (like John Mills, as Sir Douglas Haig, praying for victory "before the Americans arrive"), *Oh! What a Lovely War* too often becomes bogged down in its own dogged sincerity and finally becomes mired, like some promising but unwieldy fieldpiece, in the Marne's mud.

It seems, initially, an unlikely subject for the director of *Elvira Madigan*, that pastel paradigm of abject romanticism. In the late summer of 1931, in the Swedish factory town of Adalen, four workers and a girl were killed in a march to protest governmental indifference during a long and bitter wage strike. The im-



FABIAN, BARRAULT & TRINTIGNANT IN "MAUD"
Two-way ethics in the bedroom.

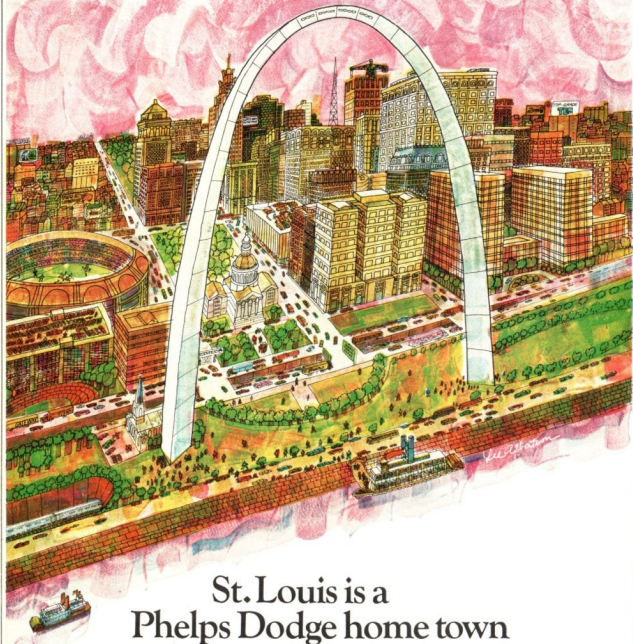
release, Godard films become museum pieces. His innovations are adopted by other film makers, who (like Haskell Wexler in the kinetic *Medium Cool*) either put his techniques to better dramatic use or (like Agnès Varda in the festival's ludicrous *Lions Love*) sink beneath the weight of aimless stylistic decoration. *Le Gai Savoir* features Jean-Pierre Léaud and Juliet Berto sitting around a TV studio engaging in a lot of Mickey Mouse debate about linguistics and mouthing doses of Godard's peculiar politics (the FBI had Bobby Kennedy shot) and aesthetics (Léaud shows striking workers two truly revolutionary films: *Lola Montes* and *The Great Dictator*). It may all be dreary now, but in ten years *Savoir* will have a certain faint curiosity value—kind of like a 1936 Easy washer with wringer.

If a single film could justify the entire film festival, then this year that film is certainly Ermanno Olmi's *One Fine Day*. It harks back in some ways

cidently runs over a construction worker. The colleague recovers, and the executive is apparently acquitted of the manslaughter charge, but everything has been changed forever. The last scene finds him huddled at home with his wife one night in front of the television set, staring at the screen, with impending doom etched into his face. This is one of those rare films in which all the elements work together. The performances seem the very stuff of reality, the color photography is beautiful without being demonstrative, and the music is both functional and original. Olmi's artistry is obtrusive, but always at the service of his material. On the basis of *One Fine Day* and two earlier films, *The Fiancées* and *The Sound of Trumpets*, Olmi must be considered a new and worthy master of the humanist cinema.

Ma Nuit Chez Maud is a cool, deliberate, intellectual little comedy that makes an ideal festival film. The third

PHELPS DODGE COPPER, ALUMINUM
AND ALLOY PRODUCTS **P**



St. Louis is a Phelps Dodge home town

The meeting place of the mighty rivers, Missouri and Mississippi. "Gateway City to the West." Once a jumping-off town for mountain men and pioneers . . . now the marshalling yard for mid-continent commerce, St. Louis . . . in every way it's a busy, thriving Phelps Dodge city . . . as sales headquarters for our aluminum group . . . as a valued customer for all our products.

Look closely, and you'll find us everywhere in St. Louis. Our copper pipe and fittings carry gas and water throughout the city. Aluminum, extruded at one of our nearby plants, transforms store fronts into shining showcases. Phelps Dodge

copper-nickel condenser tubes help generate electricity at local power stations. Our high-voltage feeder cables distribute this power to downtown and outlying suburbs. Then too, you'll find our building wire and cable, telephone and coaxial communications cables in homes, stores and factories everywhere.

We specialize in copper, aluminum and alloy products . . . particularly those conducting electricity, liquids, gases and heat.

While you can't always see us, our experience and imagination are hard at work in St. Louis . . . and everywhere across the land.



The price of something just came down

All the way down to free!

Harris introduces **Checking Unlimited**. Write all the personal checks you want—they don't cost you a cent.

All you have to do is maintain a \$200 minimum balance. Certainly worth doing, when you consider that \$200 "cushion" is saving you more in service charges than it could earn in interest.

Now, what happens if your wife goofs and the balance goes under \$200? You pay a flat \$2 for that

month, still with no limit on the number of checks.

Stop in, and let's get your whole family onto a **Checking Unlimited** basis.



that's
**Harris
savvy**

HARRIS Trust and Savings **BANK**
111 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60690

Organized as N.W. Harris & Co. 1882 • Incorporated 1907 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation . . . Federal Reserve System

Did you ever see an airplane parked by a diner?



Not likely. An Eastern jet freighter takes your shipment where it's going at 600 m.p.h. Usually overnight.

We don't begrudge anyone a cup of coffee. But it does take time. Which only adds to the time surface transportation takes going maybe 60 m.p.h.

This time is adding to your handling costs, increasing the chance of damage and pilferage. Above all, the days, or even weeks, surface transportation takes is tying up your capital. So that the slower way of going to market could actually end up costing you more. Especially when you look at your total distribution costs.

Care to have such a look? An Eastern Distribution Economist would be glad to help you. No cost or obligation. Just write Eastern Air Freight, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10022.



EASTERN
Air Freight

Free Halloween mask.

It's getting close to Halloween, and we'd like to give you a Halloween monkey mask just for buying some of our new gasoline . . . from any participating DX dealer.

It's to remind you that the monkey's on our back.

You see, we know you couldn't care less

about a new gasoline . . . ours or anyone else's. But, if you don't think new DX gasoline is *better* than the gasoline you're now using, we'll give your money back on your initial purchase if made under the DX Trial Bond.

The monkey's on our back

(and the mask will be on your face).



SUN OIL COMPANY • DX DIVISION



mediate impact of the event was violent, tragic, indecisive. But the shock waves set off by that one bloody clash ultimately toppled the government and brought a whole new regime to power. Bo Widerberg perceives not only the obvious political and historical implications in the event, but, even more strongly, the intimate, personal histories that it altered and destroyed.

Adalen '31 is most deeply about the ineffable, invaluable quality of a single moment in the life of man, when a casual encounter or a supper at twilight is enclosed and enriched by the imminence of violent tragedy. Such scenes are framed in the shimmering light of a Swedish summer and seem idyllic, almost unworldly; but Widerberg handles the chaotic confrontation scene between workers and army troopers with a precise sense of brutality that proves that he is not entirely a romantic. The very gentleness and simplicity of much of the visual imagery—the names of Renoir and Monet are constantly and rightly invoked in the dialogue—acts as counterpoint to the violence even as they deepen the sense of a past gone forever. There is a certain sentimentality involved in this kind of approach that prevents *Adalen '31* from being the kind of great political document that *The Battle of Algiers* was. As a poignant portrait of people caught in the flux of history, however, it has seldom been surpassed.

"An empty garden," announces the narrator somewhat superfluously as the camera pans slowly around an empty garden. "It is perhaps a hotel. It is a cold summer. Perhaps everyone is resting." Everything, in other words, is equivocal. The only certainty is that *Destroy, She Said* is a perfect cinema parody of the maddening affectations of the French anti-novelists. During vacation week at a hotel (no, not Marienbad) in the middle of a forest, Professor Henri Garcin is seduced by another woman (Catherine Sellers) as his young wife (Nicole Hiss) looks vacantly into the camera and does a lot of wondering about illusion and reality. She is consoled by a writer (Michel Lonsdale) who talks a lot about being Jewish (no, not Philip Roth). Nothing happens, but that, of course, is the order of things.

If one can overlook the fact that *Destroy, She Said* is mummifyingly boring, it is actually quite a lot of fun. Marguerite Duras, who executed this excellent satire, has good credentials for the job. Besides writing the screenplays for *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour* and *Une Aussi Longue Absence* she also attended the birth of the anti-novel movement, making such notable contributions to the genre as *Moderato Cantabile* and *The Sea Wall*. In her directorial debut, she has unfortunately committed one rather crucial error. She seems to have been the only one who didn't get her own joke.

as in birth so in life in Milwaukee.



From a spotless Milwaukee delivery room, Brian moves to an outer world where cleanliness is a way of life.

Sure, Milwaukee is an industrial city. All the more reason why our people demand that we keep it well-scrubbed, not just the streets, but the civic character. That's why our crime rate is much lower than other cities. That's why 100 women were able to organize our entire community and come up with the first place award in the 1968 National Beautification Contest.

Cleanliness is our heritage—the legacy of a century of civic pride. Milwaukee still cares, and it shows.

But what's on the surface is really dwarfed by what's beneath. Nine-tenths of Milwaukee's beauty is the attitude of its citizens.

Perfect for your expanding plant. Perfect for your people.

Find out more by writing: DIVISION OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, DEPARTMENT OF CITY DEVELOPMENT, CITY HALL
—ROOM TEC 10-69 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53202.

Milwaukee: a beautiful way of life.

BOOKS

Only When I Laugh

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS by Vine Deloria. 279 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95.

Indian history is notoriously full of broken covenants, callous horse soldiers and greedy land-grabbers—all encouraged from Washington. Though Vine Deloria dwells on such things with savage wit in this remarkable book, he is more bitterly concerned with the recent past and the havoc worked among the long-suffering tribes in the past 20 years by less officially baneful agencies—compassionate missionaries, humane anthropologists and liberal bureaucrats. Their doings, says Deloria, justifiably provoked

dians wanted U.S. forces to get out of Viet Nam, 85% wanted U.S. forces to get out of America. The source of Indian humor, Deloria makes clear, is a kind of desperation that makes for grim laughter: "If they bring that War on Poverty to our reservation, they'll know they've been in a fight."

Termination and Tribalism. The book ranges from the origins of scalping to differences between the new black and the old red nationalism. But Deloria really wants to talk about topics that few white Americans know anything about—termination and tribalism.

Termination is the proposed final solution to the Indian problem, a Government policy advocated since 1953

They have, in fact, cost Wisconsin nearly \$2 million.

The fact that the Menominee fiasco was brought about with the approval of liberal, high-minded and progressive men, among them Senator Frank Church of Idaho, is indicative of a historic conflict between the highest white American ideals and the requirements for Indian cultural survival. For nearly a century, the American dream has been a composite society in which arriving immigrants, eager to be assimilated, dropped their old folkways in favor of the means provided by their adopted countrymen. Until just lately, American rhetoric glorified the melting pot—and assumed that it was working. Then blacks, who could not really be assimilated because of their color, and some whites who gave thought to the strength and vitality lost with the old ways, began to complain. Indians, Deloria says, have always objected. For more than 100 years they have been desperately trying to practice red nationalism in a white land. In Deloria's opinion, the termination policy, which implies integration of Indians, is a loser's game. It has not worked and it will not work. It creates hardship among Indians, and it does not, in the long run, save money. Indians do not want to be assimilated. They want to be themselves.

Jobs and Education. The enduring quality of the Indian, Deloria says, lies in the tribe. Tribes behave in many different ways. Yet "they stubbornly hold on to what they feel is important to them and discard what they feel is irrelevant to their current needs." Deloria has as little patience, however, with those anthropologists who feel that Indians should ignore the white world and immerse themselves in folk customs as he has with tribal chieftains ("Uncle Tomahawks," he calls them) who will do anything to butter up the whites. What he clearly hopes for is a sensible use of both worlds. Indians should keep their reservations as a source of renewal and spiritual strength but exploit opportunities offered by the white world, both in jobs and education, to make themselves and their dependents self-supporting.

White cultural history may at last be moving in favor of the Indians. The new emphasis on the value of primitive societies, the growing U.S. concern over maintaining the ecological balance of the continent, the agitation of black nationalists for a separate but equal black culture in white America are all significant to Deloria. In some ways, too, up-tight white institutions seem to be copying the Indian. With hardly any tongue in cheek, Deloria devotes a number of pages to a new form of white tribalism. What strikes his eye particularly is the clannishness and the need for reassurance implicit in the intertwined loyalties and duties that buttress giant U.S. corporations. But whether such things are a sign of healthy atavism or an invitation to Orwellian nightmare it would take a medicine man to decide.



WHITE SCOUTS AND MASSACRED INDIANS (CIRCA 1868)
He wore an Arrow shirt.

a Sioux leader to tell a congressional hearing that what the Indians really want is "a leave-us-alone law."

Deloria is in a unique position to know. A young, tough and dedicated member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe, he is, at 36, a former executive director of the National Congress of American Indians and an aspirant lawyer. He is also a wittily perceptive writer, as he shows best in a provocative chapter devoted to "Indian Humor."

Far from being wooden, Deloria says, Indians are wildly comic. He invokes two favorite subjects of Indian mirth. One is Custer, who was found wearing "an Arrow shirt," and the other is Columbus. Indians, watching his landing, groaned, "There goes the neighborhood." Deloria cites bumper-sticker slogans: "God is Red" and "We Shall Over-run." There are other contemporary jokes, like the one about a poll which disclosed that while only 15% of the In-

with the apparently laudable, liberal and practical notion that federal aid to Indians should be cut off, reservations closed down, and all remaining Indians independently blended into something called "the American economic and cultural mainstream."

A classic example, in Deloria's view, is the Menominee tribe of Wisconsin. With large tax-exempt holdings, communal responsibility, a profitable sawmill and lumbering business, about 3,000 Menominees, before "termination" began in 1961, were nearly self-supporting. They cost the Federal Government only about \$50 per head in aid a year, a level far lower than in many white communities. Then the reservation was made into a regular Wisconsin county, tax exemptions were cut off, and Indians who occupied land were allowed to buy or rent it. In the eight years since termination, many have become dead weights on the state's welfare programs.

Has being a private citizen stopped being private?



A lot of Americans believe it has. That government, especially, and even industry and social organizations are asking questions that are an invasion of your privacy. Like many of the questions on the U. S. Census, for example. And on the hundreds of forms, questionnaires and applications you're asked to fill out every year, for as many different reasons.

Many people are growing concerned, too, about things like wiretapping and investigative bodies and the easy access of anyone to a profusion of snooping devices.

Others see nothing wrong in any of it. Feel that the people and businesses you are associated with have a right to know everything about you. And that, in fact,

the information you are asked to reveal to government is necessary to keep the country running smoothly.

The point is, what do you think? It's your privacy. Do you want new or stronger legislation to protect it? Or do you think things are okay as they are? Either way, it's important that you have an opinion — and express it. In writing. To your Congressman, who can take legislative action, one way or another.

We hope you'll write your Congressman on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not... write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania, maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.

**HAMMERMILL
BOND®**

Hammermill urges you to write your Congressman.

Mac Baren's: The tobaccos to linger over.

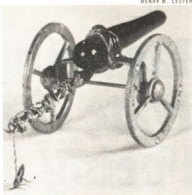
When you select one of Mac Baren's thirteen blends, settle back. Take time to enjoy the distinctive flavor of these Danish-blended pipe tobaccos. Each has been painstakingly blended in a process that lasts two whole years. They've never been rushed. And they never rub.



MAIL COUPON WITH 25¢ AND RECEIVE
2 SAMPLES AND A CATALOG OF ALL
MAC BAREN BLENDS.

Name: _____
Address: _____ (Street)
(City) _____ (State) _____ (Zip Code)

FIRESIDE TOBACCO CORP.
125 W. 24th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 T



FLEA PULLING CANNON
A bleak outlook.

Six-Legged Hero

THE COMPLEAT FLEA by Brendan Le-
hane. 126 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

Max Beerbohm, a self-described miniaturist, once devoted an essay to a minister who asked a single meek question of Dr. Johnson. But in this age of miniaturization, Brendan Lehane has gone the Incomparable Max one less. He has devoted an entire book to a subject even more insignificant than an 18th century clergyman—the flea.

A British journalist, Lehane became interested in the flea while in Dublin. The insects' concern was only skin-deep, but Lehane's soon reached the proportions of an *idée fixe*. In *The Compleat Flea*, he traces the bug's literary ancestry beyond the Bible ("After whom dost thou pursue?" asks David of Saul, "after a dead dog, after a flea").

The six-legged hero appears as a villain in Chaucer, Shakespeare and John Donne. Accordingly, the book lives up and down to its title. It even includes a bit of anonymous erotica—"The Autobiography of a Flea," whose expository style even Nabokov might envy. "I was engaged," begins the flea, "upon professional business connected with the plump white leg of a young lady of some 14 years of age. . . ."

Lehane also chronicles the *vita activa* of the flea as vaudevillian; the flea as athlete (one "can jump about 150 times its own length along, and about 80 times its length up"); the flea as

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



MICROGRAPHIA OF FLEA (1665)
Skin-deep attraction.

Conn's built-in music teacher.



Show-Chord. You can make a great sound while you're learning; learn a great sound faster.

Here's all you do: Flip a switch, touch a foot pedal. The chord plays. Pressing one pedal after another, you can play an entire chord progression without ever touching the keyboard.

Want to start learning the chords? Flip a different Show-Chord switch and small lights above the keyboard signal finger positions. Conn's exclusive Show-Chord helps you learn to play the right way.

Conn has a whole bundle of easy-play, fast-learn features, including a new built-in automatic rhythm unit called Min-O-Matic.

And the tone? It's what you'd expect from the people with the finest reputation in the music business. Send the coupon. We'll rush a free record to you that has the proof of Conn's tone excellence. And literature you should read before you buy any organ.

CONN ORGAN

Made by C. G. Conn Ltd., Elkhart,
Indiana, world's largest manufacturer
of band and orchestral instruments
... since 1875.

FREE: Demo record and literature.

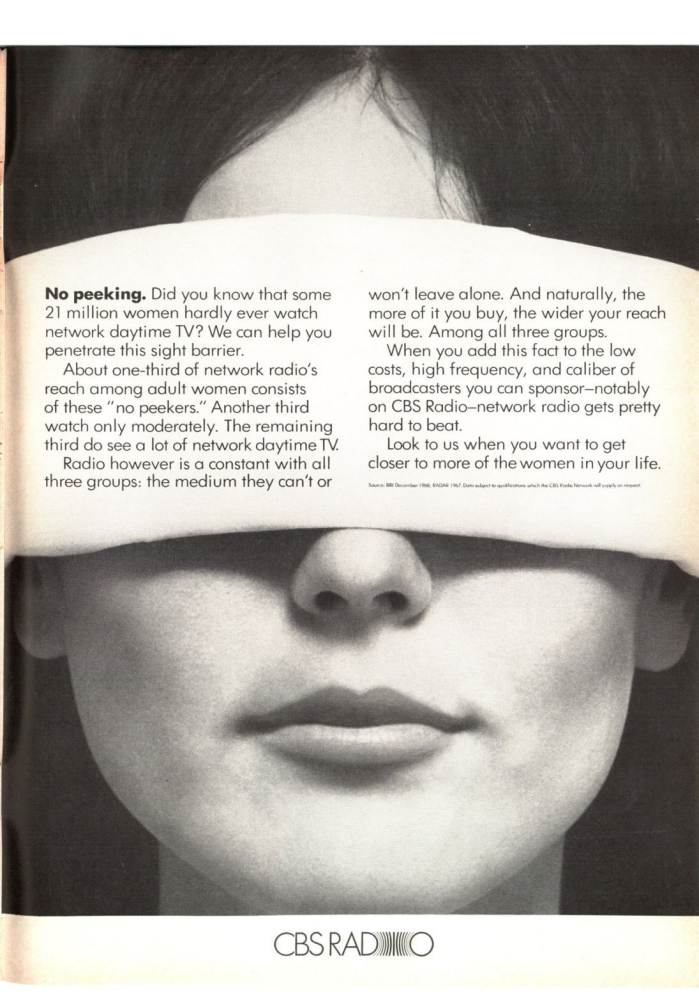
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Mail to Dept. T-10, Conn Organ
Elkhart, Indiana 46514



No peeking. Did you know that some 21 million women hardly ever watch network daytime TV? We can help you penetrate this sight barrier.

About one-third of network radio's reach among adult women consists of these "no peekers." Another third watch only moderately. The remaining third do see a lot of network daytime TV.

Radio however is a constant with all three groups: the medium they can't or

won't leave alone. And naturally, the more of it you buy, the wider your reach will be. Among all three groups.

When you add this fact to the low costs, high frequency, and caliber of broadcasters you can sponsor—notably on CBS Radio—network radio gets pretty hard to beat.

Look to us when you want to get closer to more of the women in your life.

Source: BIR December 1986; ENCAP 1987. Data subject to qualifications which the CBS Radio Network will supply on request.

CBS RADIO

have you
met my
sister?

she's sweet...

also delightful straight,
on-the-rocks,
or with soda

For the martini that's clearly... the dryest.

One listen is worth a thousand ads.

Therefore, we'll just give you the facts you may want before listening:

This is the Fisher 125 compact stereo system. It features AM, FM, automatic switching between FM mono and FM stereo, 4-speed automatic turntable with cue control, high-compliance magnetic cartridge with diamond stylus, plus full tape and phono facilities. Power output is 90 watts. It comes with a pair of Fisher XP-55B two-way speaker systems, all for \$329.95.

With built-in cassette tape recorder but without AM, it's called the Fisher 127 and costs \$449.95.

Without tape recorder and without AM, it's the Fisher 120, at \$299.95.

Now listen carefully. And for a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, the 1970 edition of our 72-page full-color reference guide, write to Fisher Radio, 11-42 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

The Fisher



spreaders of plague and, in the case of the male, even as sexual tyrant. In mating, says Lehane, a man obviously sympathetic to the underflea, "he grasps her abdomen with his antennae, and sensuously brushes her parts with a wisp membrane. Then violence comes. Copulation lasts about three hours, sometimes as long as nine. . . . So sharp and indelicate are the hooks and spines of his organs that the female may in all likelihood have suffered injury. But she is pregnant, and he is satisfied, and within hours a new batch of eggs will drop into the world."

The mixed blessings of DDT and civic sanitation have given the flea a bleak outlook for the downhill third of the 20th century. Lehane's future looks far more promising.

Urban Gothic

THEM by Joyce Carol Oates. 508 pages. Vanguard. \$6.95.

The difference between heroes and most people is that heroes have destinies, while most people have only ambitions. With some fine adjustments for human limitations, Joyce Carol Oates demonstrates her intuitive grasp of this fact in *Them*, the latest novel in what has now become an informal trilogy about people's frantic attempts to free themselves from the complexities of American life.

The first two novels were *A Garden of Earthly Delights* (1967) and *Expensive People* (1968), both studies of frustrated love and self-destruction written with the intensity and control of fine short stories. Even before these books, Miss Oates had established herself as a promising young writer of remarkable power and sensitivity. With the publication of *Them* at the age of 31, she emerges as that rarity in American fiction, a writer who seems to grow with each new book.

Maddening Emptiness. Set mainly in Detroit, *Them* spans three decades, from the economic depression of the late 1930s through the gathering moral and spiritual depression of the affluent postwar years. The book ends in the fire and blood of Detroit's 1967 summer riot. On the surface, the book is hard, cold and terrifying. Its core, however, is molten with sympathy for the struggles of the major characters. The result is *Urban Gothic*, a type of naturalism saved from the simple cataloguing of disasters by the author's ability to transform the mysteries of experience into vital characterizations.

Though they vary in complexity, all her people face the uncompromising difficulties of love and its opposite—not hate, but apathy—a maddening emptiness that invites lust and violence the way deadwood invites fire. Loretta Wendell is in some ways the most fortunate. As a 16-year-old Depression waif, she wakes to discover that her lover, sleeping beside her, has just been shot through the head. Within the hour, a neighborhood

A black and white photograph of a man sitting in a chair in a tropical room. He is holding a camera. In the background, there is a large electric fan on a table and open wooden shutters that look out onto a bright, sunny day. The room has a rustic, tropical feel with wooden pillars and furniture.

WHEN YOU STAY AT A LOEW'S RESORT HOTEL, GOING NATIVE DOESN'T MEAN GOING WITHOUT.

We don't think you enjoy being in the middle of nowhere when you run out of suntan lotion or want a nice hot shower or an ice cold drink.

So we put you in the middle of somewhere. Somewhere is Nassau or San Juan or Miami Beach.

Where going native is the civilized thing to do. Where the spell of the tropics works but so does the air-conditioning. Where the wild throbbing rhythms may be primitive but the plumbing isn't.

And the service is just as sunny as the climate.

We don't have to call our hotels "Loew's Americana" or "Loew's Paradise Island" for you to know they're Loew's Hotels. Things like our civilized comforts speak for themselves.

And when you want to tell the folks back home you're staying longer, you don't wait for a once-a-week mail boat to pick up your letter. Just pick up a phone.



Loew's hotels

NEW YORK CITY: THE REGENCY. THE DRAKE, THE WARWICK, THE AMERICANA, THE SUMMIT, CITY SQUIRE MOTOR INN,
LOEW'S MIDTOWN MOTOR INN, HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE. CHICAGO: HOTELS AMBASSADOR. SAN FRANCISCO: HOTEL MARK HOPKINS.
ATLANTIC CITY: THE TRAYMORE. MIAMI BEACH: AMERICANA OF BAL HARBOUR. PUERTO RICO: AMERICANA OF SAN JUAN.
NASSAU, BAHAMAS: PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS. LONDON, ENGLAND: THE CHURCHILL (OPENING SPRING 1970). PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT

policeman, more interested in investigating Loretta than the murder, has her back in bed. Marrying him to rise in the world, she eventually finds her level as a cheerful survivor, shifting from man to man, piecing together each new day from the wreckage of the old.

Loretta's daughter, Maureen, also has trouble with men, particularly her stepfather, who nearly beats her to death. The battering reduces the girl to a state of psychic numbness. When her will reasserts itself, she plots to seduce and marry a man "gaunt with normality," who already has a wife and three children. If she can't have a life transformed by love, at least she can have a house and family in the suburbs.

Her brother Jules, by contrast, is consumed by passion. In Miss Oates' intensely realistic world, he is a stunted Nietzschean hero, a drifter and petty criminal who lacks the imagination to refine love out of his shapeless longings. Yet he is not without hope. Caught up in Detroit's summer riot, Jules discovers that his best instinct is for "senseless dreamy violence." "Violence can't be singled out from an ordinary day," he tells a TV interviewer after the riot. "Everyone must live through it again and again; there's no end to it, no land to get to, no clearing in the midst of the cities—who wants parks in the midst of the cities!—parks won't burn!"

Click! It is not the message most viewers want to hear, but for Jules Wendell and the thousands like him who exist in the shadow of the national ideal, it is a savagely honest expression of liberation from zombism.

Eloquent Letter. The Wendells—the "thems" whose histories are desiccated by news accounts and government reports—are not simply victims of economic and social disorder. Miss Oates has taken pains to make them convincing representatives of man's tragic conflict between his need for passionate self-expression and society's restraints.

Joyce Carol Oates' pains, it turns out, were quite personal. As a teacher at the University of Detroit from 1962 to 1967, she first met the "Maureen Wendell" of the novel. She had been a student whom Miss Oates was forced to flunk for an inability to express herself. A few years later "Maureen" wrote Miss Oates an eloquent, obsessional letter about her sense of personal destiny.

Teacher and former student became acquainted, and "Maureen" confided the story of the "Wendells." "Their lives pressed upon mine eerily," says Miss Oates, "so that I began to dream about them instead of about myself, dreaming and redeeming their lives. Because their world was so remote from me, it entered me with tremendous power, and in a sense the novel wrote itself."

Although rooted in case history, *Them* is fiction in the purist sense: data, perception, feeling transformed by language and imagination into a new existence with a vitality that can even survive critical explanation.

Writing as a Natural Reaction

Joyce Carol Oates can write eloquently from inside the heads of characters barely able to articulate. What she articulates through them occasionally may seem grotesque, overwhelming, overdrawn. But to anyone who finds it so, the author offers two creative precepts: "One has to be exhaustive and exhausting to really render the world in all its complexities and also in its dullness." And, "Gothicism, whatever it is, is not a literary tradition so much as a fairly realistic assessment of modern life." The assessment is based on six years of living and working in De-

J. EDWARD RILEY



JOYCE CAROL OATES

troit before she and her husband Raymond Smith moved across the river to Ontario, where they both teach literature at the University of Windsor. Detroit is Miss Oates' ideal American city of the '60s. It is, she says, a city so transparent "that one can see it ticking."

It is not an excessive remark, as any visitor may observe. At the city's airport, machine parts are displayed in glass cases as if they were gems. The highways glitter with the carapaces of new automobiles, while the finned monsters of the '50s have all crawled off to ghetto side streets to die. Even the city's showplaces are touched with the grotesque. Atop its status hotel—a clash of world's fair modern and imitation European traditional—a tired combo plays 1940s two-steps for well-oiled cus-

tomers, who are served by aging waitresses in miniskirts.

Across the Detroit River in a small waterfront house in Windsor's quietly affluent Riverside section, Joyce Carol Oates and her husband are sheltered from the city's clang and danger. Living in Canada, the Smiths remain almost entirely American in their concerns. Joyce Carol—though she is against the Viet Nam war—has little sympathy with the kind of radical who, she feels, confuses personal frustrations with public problems. A minor character in her latest novel defines the type perfectly. She has small patience, too, with intellectuals who find her work too full of social and economic themes. "The greatest realities are physical and economic, all the subtleties of life come afterward," she says. "Intellectuals have forgotten, or else they never understood, how difficult it is to make one's way up from a low economic level, to assert one's will in a great crude way. It's so difficult. You have to go through it. You have to be poor."

Rejection Slip at 15. Daughter of a tool and die designer, she grew up outside of Lockport, a small city in western New York State. In a one-room schoolhouse, Joyce Carol's writer's reflex quickly asserted itself. She cannot recall a time when she was not setting down or thinking about a story. Her first submitted novel—250 pages devoted to a dope addict redeemed by getting a black stallion—was rejected by a New York publisher as too depressing for the 15-year-old market. Joyce Carol quietly accepted the verdict, though she was in a better position to judge. She was 15 years old.

In 1956, she earned a New York State Regents scholarship, allowing her to enter Syracuse University. She plunged into the study of literature, turned out a novel every semester. In 1959 she shared first prize in *Mademoiselle* magazine's national college fiction contest. Later, at the University of Wisconsin, she acquired a master's degree and met Raymond Smith, who was taking his Ph.D. She rarely rewrites. Today, novels, stories, essays, book reviews and poems jump from her electric typewriter with phenomenal speed: six books in six years, a play, numerous pieces of journalism, a collection of poems (*Anonymous Sins*) to be published this fall, a book of essays on tragedy scheduled for next spring, and a new novel already brewing. Yet, says Joyce Carol Oates, "I find it hard to accept the fact that I have been publishing for ten years. I think of myself as only beginning."

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



4 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. 48201. 40% ALC/VOL. 80 PROOF. BLEND OF CANADIAN WHISKY.

No.

That's it. Don't spoil her. Make sure she earns her Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRSH WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WILKERVILLE, CANADA



Photographed at Priest River, Idaho, site of the annual Logger's Festival.

Dodge



1970 Dodge Coronet. It still believes a low priced car ought to be low priced.

A good low-priced car is hard to find. A roomy (six-adult-capacity), low-priced car is even harder. Enter the 1970 Dodge Coronet. Very big for its price. Choice of 17 lively models, running all the way up to the sporty bucket-seated 500, shown above. Besides all-new looks you can be proud of, the Dodge Coronet

500 has an all-vinyl interior, carpeting, three-spoke steering wheel, a 318 V8, and more than 20 reassuring safety features. And all for a price that will drive you right out of the high-rent district. Without sacrificing all the extras you want. 1970 Dodge Coronet—a brand-new, good-old, low-priced car.



If you care
how much
you pay . . .

you could be
DODGE
MATERIAL.

